Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A LETTER TO "THE TIMES"

BY THE EDITOR

My Dear Lord Northcliffe:

I HAVE had it in mind for some weeks to avail myself of the time-honored privilege of addressing a communication to *The Times* upon a subject of very great and perhaps really vital importance to our respective countries, but now when the time has come to do so I feel that I may be able to express what I have to say more readily and more clearly if I write with less formality directly to you as an old and valued friend. I am the freer to do this because, as you will recall, it fell to my lot in the course of a dinner given in your honor some years ago to make the first public announcement of your prospective assumption of control of the great journal which has thrived so amazingly under your direction. Then, too, you really know and understand America as I have had at least opportunity to know and understand England—a circumstance of no small importance in an undertaking whose merit is full sincerity and whose chief requisite is perfect candor.

Let me ask you this: Am I wrong in concluding from close observation and anxious inquiry that at this most critical of times in all history, when as never before our respective peoples should be animated by the most fraternal spirit, they are gradually but surely drawing asunder? If not, if my perception is true, then manifestly a condition has developed insensibly

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which not only gives rise to concern no less grave than that caused by the great war itself, but should be recognized and met squarely, frankly, and intelligently by those of us on both sides of the water who appreciate the peril of such misunderstanding.

My fear is that I am right with respect especially to your people, among whom I seem to perceive a growing sense of personal injury which is rapidly assuming the proportions of common resentment. That such a feeling should pervade to a degree the hearts of men and women living in frightful stress was perhaps to be expected; much allowance must be made when souls are being tried; no appreciable harm ensues, moreover, so long as considerations of prudence enjoin the silence of forbearance; but when open manifestations of hidden hurt begin to appear with increasing frequency and vehemence the circumstance is one not to be ignored.

Is not that the present situation? Of all British public journals, none in the past twenty years has been more considerate and appreciative of the United States than the *Spectator*, now suddenly become for the first time both apprehensive and truculent. "A Great Danger" is the quite unusual and somewhat startling title under which it informs us that "Englishmen who admire and love America cannot help feeling acute anxiety and alarm at the way in which we are drifting toward the danger of a collision with the United States." But what are the prospective causes? The *Spectator* cites but one—the "commercial intrigue under which the *Dacia* has been bought and set sailing," thus "first providing our enemies with a million or two of ready cash and then employing the former German mercantile marine to supply the commercial needs of our enemies under the protection of the American national flag"—an act which President Wilson may or may not "be able to convince his countrymen" is unfriendly. But, it continues, "what we are much more concerned about than these specific plans for bending the neutrality of America in such a way as will bring material aid to Germany is the want of understanding of the situation, both material and moral, which is shown by the American Government and by large sections of the American people. . . . They think that because we are in a tight place they can ask things from us which they would not have asked in peace, and that we must yield to necessity." Pronouncing "exactly the contrary" to be true, the *Spectator* proceeds:

> Rightly or wrongly, we are certain that this is the case. Take the attitude of the *Spectator* as an example. We have always felt in peace-

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time that in squabbles with America anything was better than to make bad blood between the two countries, and we have always been anxious to show the utmost consideration to America—to yield wherever possible to her demands. We are free to confess that this cannot now be our attitude. The temper of stern determination, which is the only temper compatible with success in war, prevents us, and must inevitably prevent us, from adopting the old easy-going methods. Strive as we will, we cannot help feeling deeply, and resenting deeply, the indifference, or indeed callousness, toward Great Britain and her case shown by the Government of the United States. Here is the danger. Their attitude is one of calmness, of friendly calmness if you will, but of calmness. They expect what they would call a reasonable give and take, prudent concessions, and a just appreciation of their own difficulties. They do not in the least realize that it is foolish to ask a man engaged in a death struggle to remember that when one is in a tight place it is wise to make concessions to one's neighbors. They do not understand that in war-time business-like views of this kind do not appeal to us in the least.

A yet worse danger is "the growing soreness and disappointment felt by the British people in regard to the attitude of the American Government" which "causes deep resentment here, even amongst those who, like ourselves, were so pro-American in their sympathies that six months ago satirists were inclined to tell them that they imagined America could do no wrong." It is "a feeling of bitterness" and "every word of it stings like a whip on our ears." America "in effect claims the right to provide Germany with the means of holding down Belgium and killing English soldiers, and freely to supply the material required for bombs to slay non-combatants. Can it be wondered at that, even though it may be unreasonable, and though, of course, we ought to see the American case and so forth, we feel cut to the heart that America seems to reckon up the matter in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering?"

"If the Washington Government," the *Spectator* concludes, menacingly, "think our difficulties will make us more compliant than in peace-time, they are very much mistaken. We would endure harsh treatment from them in peace-time far more easily than we can endure it now. That is foolish, perhaps, but it is a fact."

The *Outlook* goes a step further when it declares that "the United States of America seek to outrage neutrality while remaining a neutral" by purchasing German ships in which to convey products to Germany and so becoming "the supporter

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of those who are marching through broken treaties and the shattered traditions of humanity toward their goal of universal military dominion."

"It would be hard," the *Outlook* continues, "to find in history any instance of a greater or a more deadly outrage upon all international law and precedent than that involved in the measure proposed by President Wilson. The miserable consequences of setting an amiable doctrinaire to deal with great practical affairs were perhaps never more plainly shown. President Wilson has talked much of the abstract principles of justice and of right. He has prated of arbitration and of the brutality of war. But now, when the test has come, he has fallen to the bottom of the very pit of evils against which in many rounded periods he has warned mankind. He has allowed himself to be made the tool, the dupe, at once of those of his fellow-citizens whose sole concern is to make money out of the agony of half mankind, and of German agents whose single business is to create trouble for the Allies."

The *Outlook* concludes by proposing in these words a drastic method of meeting the situation:

> Let our Cabinet decline absolutely to discuss this subject any further with the United States except in association with our principal friends, amongst whom Japan has an important place, for Japan also has deep interest in the duration of the strife, and as a sea Power has a right to be consulted. If this course were but adopted by our Government the whole position would speedily change. The answer to the Republic would be given in the names of four Empires. Its demands would be shown plainly, though in the most courteous language of diplomacy, to be substantially demands for the blood of their men and for uncounted millions of their money. What would follow? The United States protests would be heard of no more. For the United States do not really want to declare war on Japan and on Russia, on France and on Britain, in defense of an outrageous violation of the law of nations perpetrated at the instigation of Teutonic murderers.

What is the meaning of all this? Surely no warrant for such savage denunciation and startling proposals can be found in the specific acts complained of. Mr. Strachey in the *Spectator* incidentally, though perhaps unwittingly, concedes that the *Dacia* case is a mere test of a general regulation which Great Britain is wholly at liberty to enforce or not as she pleases. Of itself it is quite trivial and unprovocative. With regard to the shipping of foodstuffs to Germany, it need only be said that our

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Government courteously inquired of your Foreign Office if it would be considered objectionable, and received a correspondingly courteous response to the effect that such shipments were permissible if made to individuals. In any case, the German Government had disposed of the matter before the *Outlook* protested so violently by decreeing confiscation of all such products.

Justification for the most serious charge—namely, that of purchase and operation of interned German ships by the United States Government, contrary to custom and in doubtful faith, may be readily conceded. But objection to this procedure was not restricted to the British. The American press and the American people were equally determined in opposition and the responsive American Congress killed the measure in the face of the President's most hardy insistence; so that, however unfavorably the action of the Executive may be regarded, surely no complaint can lie against the Government as a whole.

Can it be possible, my dear Northcliffe, that the wise, prudent and far-seeing Strachey whom I have known would reverse the attitude of a lifetime and threaten us with war, and that Mr. Wyatt would seriously urge inciting Japan against us upon pretexts so flimsy and untenable as these? That to my mind is inconceivable. The cause lies deeper in the heart of the English nation, and there lurks the real danger.

The "bitterness" to which Mr. Strachey alludes, and which, as I have already observed with deep regret, seems to be increasing, springs, I take it, from a sense of disappointment at the official conduct of our Government. This is readily understood. When the German Chancellor tore the famous scrap of paper to bits, and the mighty German army hurled itself upon brave little Belgium in ruthless violation of plighted faith and national honor, the wave of indignation which swept over this country equaled, if, indeed, it did not exceed in intensity that which drove your nation instantly to arms. This fact, so emphatically manifested by the American press, naturally induced in the minds of your people not merely a hope, but a settled expectation that our Government as a Government would at least voice the feeling thus expressed with promptness and vigor, and would avail itself of every opportunity to extend material aid to the allied forces. While there was no anticipation or desire that the United States should treat Germany's shocking conduct as a cause for open warfare, and while our declaration of neutrality was readily accepted as both justifiable and proper,

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it was felt and believed that at a suitable moment our Government, officially and perhaps even in a practical manner, would exemplify the sympathy already expressed with such unanimity by our people.

It was inevitable, then, and not, I am frank to say, without some basis of reason, that the English people should have been surprised when our Government declined to protest under the terms of the Hague Convention, even though it was under no technical obligation to do so; when it refrained from denouncing the wanton destruction of cathedrals and other architectural monuments; when it refused to heed accounts of atrocities committed; and when subsequently it took no cognizance of indiscriminate killing of unarmed and inoffensive residents of unfortified places. As you are doubtless aware, this frustration of hopes in England found a very considerable response in America at the instigation—obviously for political purposes, be it noted—of Mr. Roosevelt, but I believe that I am quite within bounds in saying that the great majority of our people approved the course pursued by President Wilson, upon the theory that any seeming infraction of our professed neutrality, in itself of no practical effect, might subsequently operate to rob our Government of opportunities to render real service to those whom we would befriend and whose success we ardently desired then, as we do even more strongly now. Your Government apparently understood this, else they would have indicated in some way their dissatisfaction; but your people clearly did not and do not now—a most regrettable circumstance, for which, as it seems to me, nobody can be justly blamed.

But it is not my purpose to defend or to decry the conduct of our Government. That must stand or fall, in the judgment of all fair minds, upon its merits. What I aim to do, so far as I am able, and what I hope you will see fit to do with your unexampled facilities, is to clear away the mists of perilous misunderstanding by making clear to your people the real attitude of ours, and by setting forth the underlying causes which, I beg you to believe, have constituted us at least your moral ally.

When Mr. Strachey instances some specific performance on the part of our Government as evidencing wilful lack of appreciation of the situation, lack of knowledge of what England is fighting for, and lack of accord with her definite aims, I can follow him without difficulty, but when he declares as a fact that such "want of understanding" is not only shared, but "shown" by "large sections of the American people," I am utterly bewildered.

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My dear Northcliffe, there are no such antagonistic sections among our people. There is not a solitary one that can be pronounced "large" except in arrogance, in impudence, and in the growing disfavor of their fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Strachey declares with marked positiveness that the United States "are asking us to fight with one hand tied behind our back in order to enable the State Department and the Administration generally not to disappoint Herr Dernburg," and dwells upon "the pressure of the German vote." Passing for a moment the *Spectator's* hardly warranted inference respecting President Wilson's disposition toward Dr. Dernburg and other intermeddlers—although he has made it sufficiently plain upon more than one occasion—what about this terrifying "German vote"? What does it amount to? At the latest National election 15,000,000 of ballots were cast. Of these about 500,000 were deposited by naturalized citizens of German birth and approximately 1,500,000 by citizens of German descent born in this country—a total of perhaps 2,000,000 out of 15,000,000. Some voted for Wilson, some for Taft, some for Roosevelt, and not a few for Debs, but *all* voted against their *bête noire*, Prohibition; and will again, regardless of other considerations—a fact which I beg you to bear in mind.

Now it is undoubtedly the purpose of our visiting instructor in politics and morals, Dr. Dernburg, and his well-paid helpers to foment trouble between America and England. That, of course, is their privilege. Probably England would not go out of her way to prevent the arising of a difficulty between the United States and Germany. But how are they progressing? That is the question. Their first endeavor was to "educate public opinion" and they published many articles and addressed many assemblages, but wholly without avail. Although ready and willing to accord them a fair hearing, the public could not be convinced—and even Mr. Herman Ridder's blatant diatribes soon disappeared from the columns of all newspapers except his own.

Public opinion having politely but firmly refused to be "educated" to worship of "the law of necessity" as "inevitable" and altogether righteous, Herr Dernburg and associates resorted naturally to their traditional and more familiar argument—Force. With a blundering incapacity paralleled in recent times only by the German Chancellor's bulldozing "diplomacy" in his dealings with Sir Edward Grey, they determined to terrorize all political parties, beginning with that of President Wilson,

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whom, incidentally, they have traduced unconscionably, to the verge of treason, in their public speeches.

These extraordinary and largely subsidized efforts culminated in a "convention" at Washington of fifty-eight "German" or, as they are coming to be more commonly and jeeringly termed, "hyphenated" Americans, who stupidly—

Resolved, That we citizens of the United States agree to effect a national organization, the objects and purposes of which may be stated as follows:

(1) In order to assume the possession of an independent news service, we favor an American cable, controlled by the Government of the United States.

(2) We demand a free and open sea for the commerce of the United States and unrestricted traffic in non-contraband goods as defined by international law.

(3) We favor as a strictly American policy the immediate enactment of legislation prohibiting the export of arms, ammunition, and munitions of war.

(4) We favor the establishment of an American merchant marine, and

(5) We pledge ourselves individually and collectively to support only such candidates for public office, irrespective of party, who will place American interests above those of any other country and who will aid in eliminating all undue foreign influences from American life.

Doubtless you have been apprised of the effect of this exhibition of intolerable insolence. The *Literary Digest* sums it up neatly:

"The wickedness of the scheme lies in its purpose to create friction between England and the United States," declares the Boston *Transcript*. The men behind the movement, says the Springfield *Republican*, reveal themselves as "more German than American," and the New York *Times* is convinced that "never since the foundation of the Republic has any body of men assembled here who were more completely subservient to a foreign Power and to foreign influence, and none ever proclaimed the un-American spirit more openly." "The sole object of the promoters of this movement is to drive the United States from its present position of neutrality," affirms the New York *Herald*. The position they ask us to abandon, says the New York *Sun*, is "historically, legally, and morally correct," while the course they urge upon us amounts virtually to "the enlistment of the American people under the flag of Germany." These men, declares the New York *World*, "are doing Germany no good, and themselves much harm, by their pernicious pro-German propaganda." The movement, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, represents "a pro-German

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plot," and the Brooklyn *Eagle* suggests that the activities of its promoters bear a close resemblance to treason.

Not one public journal printed in English had a kindly or respectful word to say of this grotesque performance, not one; and yet more significant was the sharp denunciation of the movement by the New York *Volkszeitung* as "a dangerous agitation, seeking, under the hypocritical pretense of preserving America's neutrality, to destroy it," and calling upon "every German-American workingman in the country" to oppose it "with all his strength." The growing revolt among Americans of German descent was emphasized further by Dr. Kuno Francke of Harvard, who, after declaring his sympathies "fervently on the German side," wrote:

> We have every opportunity in this country to make felt what is best in German character and life. Let us continue to do so; let us continue to have a prominent part in all endeavors for political, civic, and industrial progress; let us stand for the German ideals of honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, devotion to work; let us cultivate our language, our literature, and our art; let us fearlessly defend the cause of our mother-country against prejudices and aspersions. But let us refrain from political organizations which would set Germans in this country apart as a class by themselves. Such an attempt would lead not to the raising, but to the degradation, of the German name in this country. It would foster hatred instead of sympathy; and only by gaining the sympathy of the majority of the American people can we German-Americans help the cause of our mother-country.

The simple fact is that the German agents overreached and are hoist by their own petard. So far from successfully intimidating political aspirants, they have made it dangerous for a public man to speak a word in favor of their cause—and, incidentally, none of importance, to my knowledge, has done so. It is, moreover, quite evident upon all sides that the younger men of German descent who constitute the great bulk of the two millions of voters no longer find the term "German-American" palatable. Quite after our American fashion, the happy suggestion of "hyphenated" has changed the style. The ridiculous assertion that "Irish-Americans," who really no longer appreciably exist, have joined hands with "German-Americans" for political purposes under Herr Dernburg's leadership finds sufficient answer in the mere fact that the Shipping Bill so ardently desired by German owners and bankers was defeated through the exertions of Senator James A. O'Gorman, a Tam-

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many Democrat and the foremost statesman of Irish extraction now in American public life.

So much for "the pressure of the German vote"—less than one-seventh of the total, whose inconceivable unification would serve only to arouse an opposition that would deprive it of any measure of effectiveness even in domestic affairs. Do not you think that in the circumstances Mr. Strachey might be induced to revise his intimation of subserviency on President Wilson's part to a power which does not and could not exist except to its own immediate undoing?

The matter of "commercialism" as an accusation against our people, to my mind, calls for no more than passing attention, despite the *Spectator's* stinging remark that "America seems to reckon it up in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering." It is true, of course, that we wish to maintain our trade relations with other neutral countries in strict conformity with international usage in times of war. Why not? We, like you, are normally producers, manufacturers, and exporters, and the very life of a vast number of our great population is dependent upon our foreign markets.

And we are paying our full share of the cost of a war for the waging of which we surely are in no sense or degree responsible. Do you know that the number of unemployed in the United States to-day—some say it reaches five millions—is larger than ever before in our history, that thousands stand daily and nightly upon the many "bread lines" in our great cities, that practically all of our industrial establishments, except those engaged in producing essentials chiefly for England and France, are running on little better than "half time," that enforced stoppage of the payment of dividends upon widely distributed shares of concerns like the Steel Corporation has plunged scores of thousands of families into comparative want, that the entire South lies prostrate and helpless under the mountain of its unsaleable cotton? And yet, despite this distressful condition, hardly appreciated, naturally, by your people in the midst of their own sufferings, has not America poured into Belgium and Holland and France ten millions to England's one? Is it quite fair, I ask, in view of all this, to pronounce us selfish, greedy, and insensible to human woes?

It is not, I beg you to believe, my dear Northcliffe, either because of our desire to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization or of our craving for material gains that we

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should like to send food to Germany as we are sending it in great quantities to Belgium and Holland without money or price; it is because we would, if we could, save from starvation the poor German people whom, too, we love. Is there anything reprehensible in that? Surely Mr. Strachey would not propose, as has been proposed here, that the United States establish a general embargo. What then would become of the forty millions of English who look to this great granary for their necessaries of life?

I wonder, moreover, if your people, in common with your Government and, of course, yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges, and other munitions of war from our factories, and that, but for the supply thus obtained, they could hardly hope *ever* to triumph. As you doubtless know, a determined effort made in Congress, under "pressure of the German vote," to stop the sale of implements of destruction to combatants got not so much as a hearing. Why? Because "America seems to reckon the matter in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and of human suffering"? Perhaps, though I do not admit it. But even so, would not the savage intimation come with better grace from the *Hamburger Zeitung*, let us say, than from the *Spectator?*

Yes, we wish to sell our cotton even to Germans and Austrians, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable. But there is nothing new in that. Who was it, when we were fighting for our national life as England is fighting for hers to-day, that said "calmly"—if I may use the *Spectator's* reprehending term—"assuredly we are opposed to human slavery, *but we want cotton*"; who, if not a British statesman? And did not practically all England, including even Mr. Gladstone, who ostentatiously purchased Confederate bonds, act accordingly? Our reckoning in cold dollars and cents, if such it be, is at least to your advantage; yours bore encouragement to the foes of the Union. But I would not dwell unduly upon a regrettable circumstance long since atoned for and pardoned. I would not even mention it but for the appositeness which may tend to the cultivation of a more tolerant attitude on the part of some of the spokesmen for your people. But forgiving is not necessarily forgetting.

Time was not so many years ago when England was smugly arrogant and America was boyishly boastful; but now, com-

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pared with the Germans, you are positively shy, and we—well, we have grown up, not perhaps to the keenest perspective, but at least to sober realization of things as they are. You know that; you know that we shed our swaddling-clothes long ago and are to-day as unemotional as those steady folk of France who are fighting sturdily for their liberties and their homes as a simple matter of course without a murmur; but are your countrymen possessed of the knowledge which you have derived from personal acquaintance and observation? I am not so sure. Else how *could* representative journals like the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* ignore such evidences of fealty and friendliness as have been manifested no less strongly by the American women of America than by the American-born women of England; how *can* they fail to grasp the import of the greatest *American* banking-house becoming the avowed fiscal and purchasing agent of Britain without evoking a word of disapprobation from any part of our country; how *can* they be so blind as to perceive no significance in the refusal of an American President to participate in a celebration in honor of a revolutionary hero lest his neutrality be questioned? "So," caustically remarks *Punch*, "water *is* thicker than blood, after all." Is it true? Have not I adduced indications to the contrary sufficient to satisfy any fair mind?

No, no; believe that I know when I say to you that, while as a nation we are neutral, as we should be for your account no less than for our own, as a people we are in this crucial contest heart and soul with the people of England, the people of France, and—yes, by all means and with yet greater emphasis, with the people of Germany.

But we must abide no illusions if we would clear away misunderstandings; so let me tell you why we are "with the Allies." It is not because of ties of kinship as between nations; not at all. We do not consider that the United States as a political entity is in debt to England; quite the contrary, we should have said as late as half a century ago; and even now, when William Watson, poet, curses "craven daughter" for not rushing to the defense of "noble mother," we have to laugh, though not, of course, to scorn. Neither to France, though ever friendly, nor to Russia, though everlastingly grateful, does the United States acknowledge obligations of such a nature as to impel embroilment in causes not her own. Moreover, as a people, we have quite as much in common with the thrifty, industrious, home-loving Germans as with English, French, or Russians;

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that, in view especially of the high quality of their contribution to our citizenry, is but natural.

But can we and do we condone brutality in warfare such as that which devastated Belgium? Of course not; and yet to what extent *is* "all fair" in war? We simply do not know. Does anybody? If the English, French, and Russian delegates to The Hague had supported the proposition of our representatives to make all nations responsible for the observance by each of accepted regulations, there would have been created at least a basis for protest or even action. As it is, the hell which is war continues to have no standards of conduct.

The Kaiser? To be blamed, no doubt, but in reason and rather primarily to be pitied as the chief victim of a false and infamous, though honestly held, doctrine. Do you happen to know that the first outburst against the Emperor here came in no small part from Americans of German birth and descent? It is a fact—a fact, to my mind, of marked significance.

Why, then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for, and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard around the world,—for the glorious cause that Franklin, and Jefferson, and Madison wrote for, that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for. As I have remarked already, and as none better than you well knows, we are no longer in the kindergarten, as the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* seem to think, to be treated condescendingly, to be patronized, even to be taught our responsibilities and duties; we are full grown and, if I may say so without giving offense, which I wish not to do, we have come to have a clearer comprehension of what this dreadful affair is about than you seem to have. Your people are so close to it, so menaced by it, that inevitably their perspective is dimmed. Our view is truer because it is comparatively far removed and is formed by our most competent minds. President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, with the indomitable spirit of undying fervor, leaped early to a conclusion which proved to be correct. President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, on the other hand, compelled to speak, if at all, of his acquaintances, associates, and friends in Berlin, "took his time"; but when he had taken his time he said:

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At the outbreak of the present war people who were unacquainted with Germany thought that it was the work of the Emperor and those about him. They believed that the nation was less eager for war than the court, and that the scholars and men of science at the universities might be trusted to moderate the feelings of the nation. It soon appeared that this was a mistaken conception. The nation was apparently much more eager for war than the Emperor. The universities acted as exponents of the national feeling. Instead of trying to moderate the zeal for war, they championed it as their own.

It is characteristic of modern Germany that the universities should be exponents rather than critics of public sentiment. For the universities are probably in closer touch with public opinion in Germany than in any other country and do more to make that public opinion. The contact of professors and students with the national problems is more direct, and their influence on national feeling as a whole much stronger than is the case either in England or in America.

The German universities do more than prepare the great body of officeholders for their work. They do much in preparing the public sentiment that is behind these officeholders. In America and in England the organization of public opinion is largely in the hands of the newspapers, and particularly of the daily newspapers. In Germany the case is quite different. A position as editor of a daily paper in Germany does not carry social and political influence with it. The editor is generally expected to be the mouthpiece of somebody else. The political news that he gives is limited. The political opinions which he utters carry little weight. The magazines have more independence and more influence than the newspapers; but the real places where facts are proclaimed and opinions formed are the lecture-rooms of the universities.

The German public looks to professors for its opinions in a good deal the same way that the American public looks to journalists for its opinions. The great movements of German political thought have originated in lecture-rooms. It was there that State socialism started. It was there that the idea of German unity was most effectively championed. It was there that the doctrines now called by the name Pan-Germanism first took strong hold on the thoughts and hearts of men.

Now that is our understanding. We take rather lightly the mere interpretations of a Bernhardi; we advert with sure instinct to the philosophy of a Treitschke; and what do we find? That the awful war which is commonly regarded as between oligarchical Germany and democratic England is really between a self-constituted *State* and a God-made *people*, and that all principle, all religion, all morals, major and minor, are weighing in the balance. But—

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What constitutes a State?
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain?

So the English poet sang; so the Americans believe; but what says the guide of Germany? This:

States do not arise out of the people's sovereignty, but they are created *against the will of the people;* the State is the power of the stronger race which establishes itself.

There is the crux of the matter as we have slowly but with a sense of surety come to perceive it. Might over right? Of course. But more than that, much more; nothing less, in fact, than justification of any and every evil, wrongful, or immoral act. Is a treaty to be violated? Why not? asks Treitschke:

If an unscrupulous speculator lies on the Stock Exchange he thinks only of his purse; but a diplomatist thinks of his country if during a political negotiation he becomes guilty of an obscuration of facts. The moral danger that is nearest to the diplomatist does not lie in mendacity, but in the spiritual shallowness that is born of the elegant life of the salon.

Thus it follows from this that we must distinguish between public and private morality. The order of rank of the various duties must necessarily be for the State, as it is power, quite other than for individual men. A whole series of these duties, which are obligatory on the individual, are not to be thought of in any case for the State. To maintain itself counts for it always as the highest commandment; that is absolutely moral for it. And on that account we must declare that of all political sins that of weakness is the most reprehensible and the most contemptible; it is in politics the sin against the Holy Ghost. . . .

Thus every State reserves to itself the right to decide upon its treaty obligations, and here the historian cannot make a merely formal standard suffice. He must ask the deeper question: whether the unconditioned duty of self-preservation does not justify the State. There are, unfortunately, numberless cases in the life of the State in which the employment of perfectly pure means is impossible.

Is it a matter of might?

In the further course of history, among all forces that we know, war is the mightiest and most efficient molder of nations. Only in war does a nation become a nation, and the expansion of existing States proceeds in most cases by the way of conquest, even if afterward the results of the armed combat are recognized by treaty.

Is it a question of race?

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He who is baptized a Christian cannot be looked upon as a Jew; every legislature must insist on that. So far I see absolutely only one means that we can employ here: real energy of our national pride, which must become a second nature with us, so that we involuntarily reject everything that is strange to the Germanic nature. That holds good of all and sundry; it holds good visiting of theaters and music-halls as well as of newspaper-reading. Where there is Jewish filth soiling our life the German must turn away, and he must accustom himself to speak the truth straight out.

Is "nobility" concerned?

In a certain sense we must say that no country in the world has so illustrious a nobility as we have. That the order of German princes is, properly speaking, only a high order of nobility has been evident since we have had an empire. This nobility need fear no comparison. The lower order of nobility is monarchic—that part of it which is worth anything. That is why the Prussian nobility stands so high morally; these very Prussian Junkers of ill repute are the best elements of the German nobility. Every one who is at home in the small German States knows that. In Prussia the Junkers have so long been obliged to learn to be subjects that they find their glory in the service of the Crown. They had first to be humbled by the royal power, but after that they accommodated themselves to circumstances. The families of small nobles, on the contrary, in Saxony and Bavaria have always had something of the parasite about them; they wish to rise by means of the Court like the French Court-nobles.

Or the "common" people?

Necessity and sweat in daily life are the most real things for these masses who work with their hands. They wish to be in a tolerable position economically; the ideal energies, of which they are capable, exhibit themselves in two directions: in a profound religious sentiment and, on the other hand, in delight in military heroism. Who can picture to himself Jesus or Martin Luther otherwise than as the children of poor parents? Such religious geniuses only arise in the lowest ranks of society. The aristocrat must use violence upon his accustomed views of life in order to come round to the view that we are all God's children.

Or defenders of homes?

Of humanity in warfare, the well-known aphorism holds good in theory everywhere, in practice, of course, only in land warfare, that it is States and not their individual citizens that make war on one another. If the soldier does not know whom he has to look upon as soldiers in the enemy's country, whom as robbers and waylayers, then he must become cruel and unfeeling. He alone can be looked upon as a soldier who has sworn the oath of fidelity to the colors, stands

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under the articles of war, and can be recognized by some distinguishing mark, which need not be a complete uniform. Ruthless severity against the franc-tireurs who swarm round the enemy without standing under the articles of war is self-evident.

Or contemned observers of a Sabbath day?

. . . In democracies a rigid denominationalism is the rule, and for domestic life in North America this denominational narrow-mindedness is in fact a real blessing. Here the Sabbath in its ghastly form is really necessary. To our German sentiment nothing is more horrible than such a day of rest, of complete inactivity, every week. We incline to the opposite fault, to a Sunday of dissipation; a stricter celebration of the Sunday can do no harm in Germany. But God preserve us from the English-American Sabbath! One must have completely exhausted oneself in every muscle and nerve for the past six days, in order to feel that this absolute laziness on the seventh day is a release. The severe and rigid, altogether narrow-minded ecclesiasticism of the Americans, which is so repulsive to us more liberal Germans, is thus shown to be a practical necessity. We come to recognize that democracy must in any case rest upon the foundation of a very strong religious morality, if it is not to get quite out of control.

Or religion generally?

If we look at matters in this way, it is evident, that the world of religious sentiment is so entirely separated from the raw atmosphere of the life of the State, that a full understanding can never supervene here. Religious truths are truths of the mind, true as nothing else is for the believing, but altogether non-existent for the unbelieving. Childhood, which lives for the future, and old age with its quiet contemplativeness are especially accessible to the promises of religion; to the female mind, also, the profound unrest of an existence without religion is unbearable. In the life of the State, however, it is above all the men who decide; they are the rulers here. The State is guided not by emotions, but by calculating, clear experience of the world; religion wishes to know only what it believes, the State to believe only what it knows. In the ecclesiastical community the subjective conviction of the believing conscience is, simply, everything. The ideal of a religious fellowship is the republic. Its constitution must be so framed that the changing conviction of the community may find expression: thus in this case again the Evangelical Church stands above the Catholic. It is the other way about in the State. It is in the first instance power; and undoubtedly its ideal is the monarchy, because in it the power of the State expresses itself in an especially decided and consistent way.

And, finally, war and murders?

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We have learned to know the moral majesty of war in the very thing that appears brutal and inhuman to superficial observers. That one must overcome the natural feelings of humanity for the sake of the fatherland, that in this case men murder one another who have never harmed one another before and who perhaps esteem one another highly as chivalrous enemies, that is at the first glance the awfulness of war, but at the same time its greatness also. A man must sacrifice not only his life, but he must yield up his whole ego to a great patriotic idea: that is the moral exaltedness of war.

Our German visitors declare half-heartedly that this shocking doctrine does not constitute their real creed, but as one after another the shameful acts authorized by their State, or General Staff as it is now known, have conformed to it literally, we can see no reason for doubting the correctness of President Hadley's analysis. To our minds, then, the real issue is not, as your people seem to think, mere militarism; it is the hideous conception of which militarism is but one of many manifestations; it is despotism itself; the despotism which united our people originally in armed resistance and which is no less hateful to us now than it was then.

Neutral? Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts. We are for the England which has been gradually freeing the world while Germany has been planning to enslave it. No one of the great colonies which owe her so much and are responding so nobly to her call is more true to the glorious aspiration for which now she is giving her life-blood than these United States. Gradually and gropingly, I admit, but assuredly at last we have attained a realization and understanding which at the moment of effectiveness will render it impossible for any titular Government to fail to do its full part.

Meanwhile, I beg of you, my dear Northcliffe, to maintain unceasingly the patient and wise consideration which you have breathed into your great journals while I transmit to Mr. Strachey a small volume whose sole merit is its title: *The Power of Tolerance*. I am, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

MAKING FREE WITH THE FLAG

MUCH comment pro and contra has been aroused by the action of various British steamship captains in substituting the American for the British flag on their vessels to assure, if pos-

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sible, their safety in waters in which the presence of German submarines is feared. It does not appear that there has been or is any cause for diplomatic remonstrance, however, or other action to stop or to resent this practice. Such use of flags has been common from time immemorial. Our own nation has employed it, using the British flag as a protection against Confederate cruisers during the Civil War; and there is nothing whatever in our laws prohibiting it or penalizing the masters of vessels for resorting to it. As for Great Britain, she has long sanctioned the practice by act of Parliament, penalizing the display of a false flag "excepting when made for the purpose of escaping from an enemy."

The incidents do, however, strongly suggest the desirability of the adoption of some unmistakable and uniform rule upon the subject, in both national and international law. It seems to be one of the matters which have been either voluntarily or involuntarily ignored and left to unwritten law or custom. But unwritten law, which each nation makes for itself, and indeed makes and remakes according to the exigencies of varying circumstances, is one of the most prolific sources of evil. Whether such use of neutral flags in time of war is to be sanctioned or is to be prohibited should be definitely understood.

It must be borne in mind that this practice is radically different from the use of an enemy's flag by a ship of war for purposes of strategy. The latter practice is common. In the present war some of the German cruisers have indulged in it with much success; and it has been common in former wars. The employment of the flag of a neutral nation is an entirely different thing; and there is therefore no pertinence in saying that if a German cruiser could use the Japanese flag for purposes of destruction, a British ship may use the American flag for purposes of salvation. It is, of course, also different from the use of a neutral flag by a warship for belligerent purposes, which would or certainly should be regarded as an intolerable wrong.

It is also to be observed that this practice is not effective against the legitimate stopping, searching, and seizure of ships. In time of war a German cruiser may stop and search a vessel flying the American flag, and may take possession of the vessel as a prize if it be found that it is flying that flag as a ruse, and is in fact an enemy's ship. In such case the responsibility of the act rests upon the vessel making the seizure. Secretary Cass, in Buchanan's administration, laid down the rule, and secured

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Great Britain's adherence to it. British vessels were free to stop and search vessels which were suspected of being in the slave-trade, even though they carried the American flag as a disguise; but if they thus stopped a *bona fide* American ship engaged in lawful trade, they would be responsible for the injury.

The present use of this device is intended, therefore, as a safeguard not against being overhauled by a cruiser, but against being summarily torpedoed by a submarine. It is thus provoked by an entirely novel development of naval warfare. The submarine cannot stop, search, and take possession of a ship as a cruiser or battleship could do. It can merely destroy. Granted that it knows a vessel to belong to the enemy, as it does if it sees the enemy's flag flying upon it, it can send a torpedo against it and destroy it out of hand. But if it sees a vessel flying a neutral flag, it can scarcely do that without running the desperate risk of waging war against a neutral power. It has no means of identifying the ship and of making sure whether it is or is not entitled to carry that flag.

We may say frankly that it would be well if this use of neutral flags should serve as an effective restraint upon the operations of submarines against merchant and passenger vessels. It would be regarded as barbarous for ordinary cruisers to go about firing upon and sinking such vessels without giving them the option of surrender, thus destroying not only the vessels but also the lives of multitudes of neutral passengers. We must regard it as no less, but, if possible, still more, barbarous for submarines to do the same thing. For a submarine to attack and destroy a warship, even without warning of its presence, is legitimate. That is a part of the savage game of war. For it to cruise under the high seas, or even in the enemy's waters, sending torpedoes into the hulls of passenger-vessels, is abhorrent to every sentiment save that of a pirate.

In such use of neutral flags there is involved, however, a curious contradiction. It is a well-established principle of international law that the merchant-vessels of a belligerent country cannot lawfully be sold or otherwise transferred to a neutral during the war for the sake of escaping the consequences of the war. Yet the pretense of doing that is precisely what this display of a neutral flag effects. It is a pretense that the belligerent's ship has been transferred to the neutral Power—in other words, that an unlawful transaction has been made. A cruiser making the seizure might detect and expose the falsity

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of that pretense. The submarine cannot do so, but must either let the vessel go unscathed or run the risk of destroying a vessel which was in good faith neutral property.

The danger of embroiling the neutral Power whose flag is thus used is in any case considerable. It is so great that it would seem to be the part of international comity and prudence to seek a definite agreement upon the matter as soon as the restoration of peace shall make that practicable. It is, of course, a matter of speculation whether the Powers will be inclined to engage in international lawmaking, seeing how flagrantly various such laws and treaties have been violated; though there is reason for hoping that they will be, and that they will promptly seek a settlement of the issues which have been raised in this war. Certainly the United States itself would be competent to register its own convictions and wishes in the matter. Great Britain, as we have said, long ago put herself on statutory record as permitting such use of alien flags by her own citizens, and thus by implication as permitting citizens of other nations to make such use of her flag. The United States might do the same, or it might do the contrary. It should do something about it when the proper time comes, which will be after the end of the war. For it is not well to change the rules of a game while the game is in progress; especially not of the dread game of war.

NEUTRAL AFFLICTIONS NOW AND A CENTURY AGO

THERE is not a complete analogy—no analogy is ever quite complete—but there is a most interesting and suggestive resemblance between the predicament of the United States and other neutral Powers between the European belligerents to-day, and that of this country between France and Great Britain during the years just before our second war with the latter country. Then, as now, neutrals were made to suffer from the strenuous necessities of belligerents fighting for very life and, in their extremity, regarding the rights and welfare of others as inferior to their own self-preservation.

At that time, in the final struggle between Great Britain and Napoleon Bonaparte, the belligerents were, as to-day, intent upon injuring each other by cutting off supplies of the necessaries of life which each was seeking to obtain from neutral countries and chiefly from America. To that end in 1806 Great

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Britain proclaimed a blockade of the Continental coast from the Elbe to Brest, though she let it be known that it would be enforced only from Ostend to Havre. Napoleon replied with his Berlin Decree, proclaiming a blockade of the entire British Isles and forbidding *sub pœna* all trade or communication with them —a decree considerably resembling the present German "war zone" order; particularly in this respect, that Napoleon was quite lacking in naval power to make the blockade effective.

Next came a British Order in Council, forbidding all neutral commerce with European ports under Napoleon's control, or from which British commerce was excluded, with a supplementary Order declaring all such ports to be blockaded, but giving neutral vessels which were warned away from them the privilege of proceeding to some open port, on payment of a fee to the British Government. In reply to this came Napoleon's Milan Decree, ordering the seizure and confiscation of every neutral vessel which submitted to this Order.

American commerce was thus placed between the devil and the deep sea. An American merchant ship might be overhauled by a British cruiser and searched, quite in accordance with international law, and then be released with an admonition not to try to enter a blockaded port, but to proceed to some open port. In that the American would be committing no offense against France or any one else. Yet because of that episode the vessel would be seized and confiscated by the French. Our vessels must comply with certain British requirements or be seized by the British. Yet if they did comply with them, for that very cause they would be seized and confiscated by the French. In the apt words of Lorenzo Dow's epigram on predestination:

"You'll be damned if you do; you'll be damned if you don't."

It was to escape from this embarrassing dilemma that the famous Embargo was ordered, forbidding American merchant vessels to trade with either of the belligerents and thus practically confining them to our domestic waters; whereupon Napoleon cynically ordered the seizure and confiscation of every American ship found anywhere on the seas, out of friendship for the United States and to discourage American ships from breaking the Embargo law!

The next move was made by Great Britain, in offering to repeal the Orders in Council if America would repeal the Non-Intercourse and Embargo acts so far as Great Britain was con-

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cerned, while still enforcing them against France. This bargain was not consummated, but the knowledge that it had been considered provoked Napoleon to order the confiscation of every American ship that might enter the ports of France, Spain, Italy, or the Netherlands; an order, however, which was not promulgated. Then Congress repealed the Non-Intercourse act and gave Americans freedom again to trade with both belligerents. But at the same time it invested the President with power to prohibit intercourse with France if Great Britain should before March 3d withdraw the Orders in Council, or with Great Britain if France should annul the Decrees. Neither of those powers took such action, and the act therefore remained a dead letter.

Later in that year Napoleon, fearful of war with America, suggested that he would withdraw the Berlin and Milan Decrees, so far as America was concerned, provided that this country would either get Great Britain to annul her Orders in Council or declare non-intercourse with that country. This tricky offer was, of course, designed either to have the blockade of the French coast removed or to secure America as an ally against Great Britain. Yet at the same time Napoleon ordered the condemnation of all American vessels which had entered French ports, and imposed upon all which should thereafter arrive a vexatious system of license fees and cipher letters with which alone they would be permitted to trade with France. The transparent integrity of Madison apparently made him unable to see through this trick. He accepted Napoleon's offer at its face value, believed that all restrictions upon American commerce with France were removed, and, in default of similar action on the part of Great Britain, proclaimed non-intercourse again with the latter country. That unfortunate error led straight to the War of 1812.

Meantime the British and Danish navies were both busy searching all American vessels which passed into or out of the Baltic Sea, and were seizing and condemning many of them. The spectacle of nearly twoscore of them thus seized and held at Christiansand provoked John Quincy Adams to appeal to the Russian Emperor in behalf of American commerce in those waters, urging him to vindicate the policy of neutral immunity from capture which Catherine the Great had proclaimed during our Revolution. In this appeal Adams was successful, with results of transcendent importance. For Alexander not only ordered Denmark to release all American vessels, which Den-

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mark at once did, and welcomed American commerce to the ports of Russia, but he also, chiefly because of this incident, decided to cast his lot against rather than with Napoleon; a decision which assured the latter's ruin, since its sequel was the disastrous march to Moscow.

It is not to be anticipated that any of the present complications over the use of flags, the proclamation of war zones, and what not, will lead to the embroilment of the United States in war, as did those of a century ago. But it is a circumstance worthy of reflection that more than a century and a third after the "Armed Neutrality" and more than a century after the Orders in Council and Berlin and Milan Decrees the rights of neutral commerce in war should still be so uncertain and so precarious.

THE WAR AND THE WOMAN

MILITARISM has for the time eclipsed Feminism. War news in the press has forced suffrage news into second place. "Relief for Belgium" usurps the prominence of "Votes for Women." Yet there is a reflex influence, so that the very war which for the time obscures the suffrage campaign endows the latter with new arguments and added strength. This, we are told, is a men's war. It is the outcome of men's rule. "*Cherchez la femme*" is not to be said of it. From first to latest it has been void of feminine incitement or intrigue. Had women had the ballot it would never have occurred. Therefore this unequaled calamity to the human race is a stupendous object-lesson in the need of equal suffrage.

That may be; or may not. It is quite true that women cannot be held responsible for this war. It is equally true that they have hitherto been responsible for many wars; proportionately, perhaps, as much as men. History shows feminine rule and feminine influence often to have been belligerent, sometimes wantonly so. It seldom shows them to have been distinctively irenic. It is true, doubtless, that in times past kings were responsible for more wars than queens; but that was for the same reason that Archbishop Whately's white sheep ate more than black ones—because there were more of them.

Certainly the eminent women sovereigns of history have contributed their full share to the warfare of the world. Semiramis of Assyria, and Jingo of Japan, if we go back to semi-

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legendary ages, were chiefly famed for their belligerence. Zenobia of Palmyra and Boadicea of Britain were not advocates of "peace at any price." Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria and Hungary, Anne of England, Christina and Isabella of Spain, all had reigns marked with many wars. Of even Victoria the Good it was said at her jubilee that there had been a war for every year of her long reign. Nor have non-reigning women always arrayed themselves on the side of peace or of non-resistance. From the time of Miriam and her maidens to the present, women have exulted in the triumphs of battle and have incited their men folk to pugnacity. From Joan of Arc to Molly Pitcher they have, on occasion, taken strenuous lead in actual conflict; for which the world honors them. It has long been notorious that France's Mexican war, resulting in Maximilian's tragedy, was the direct result of the intrigues of Empress Eugénie and "Poor Carlotta." The matrons of Imperial Rome, the women of the Medicis and Bourbons, were never exponents of peaceful humanitarianism. The women of the French Revolution were as bloodthirsty as the men.

Nor does the disposition of women in our own day reverse the record of history. One of the features of our Civil War upon which the whole nation looks with most pride was the way in which the women, both North and South, displayed militant zeal and self-sacrifice, urging their brothers, husbands, sons, and lovers to enlist in the army, and scorning as cowards unworthy of their regard those who would not do so. It was one of the very foremost pioneers of the movements for woman's emancipation who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In Europe to-day the same rule holds good. The women of every belligerent land, including many of the foremost suffragists, are urging the men to enlist, and to fight the war out to the bitter end. There is not in history, nor in contemporary observation, any disproof of the poet's saying, that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." At least in the human species she is fully as militant as he. There is no sex in militarism.

So much for past and present example, to discredit the notion that "votes for women" would instantly abolish war. Let us note also the logic of the case. What could women do, if they had the ballot, to abolish or to prevent war?

We must remember that if equal suffrage everywhere prevailed the women voters would almost certainly be in a mi-

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nority. The fact that many women are irreversibly opposed to woman suffrage, and that many who favor it on principle declare that they themselves would not exercise the right, indicates that the proportion of voluntary non-voters would be considerably larger among women than among men; while the number of involuntary non-voters, because of illness, domestic cares, etc., would certainly not be smaller. The two sexes being of about equal numbers, then, the male voters would in all probability form a marked majority; so that if the question of militarism or non-militarism were to be decided by a trial of voting strength between the two sexes, the former would prevail. To say that the votes of the women plus those of the non-militant men would be a majority is to assume that all the women's votes would be against militarism; for which in either history or current conditions there is absolutely no warrant.

We might go further and inquire by what means women, if they had a majority of the votes, would or could prevent war. Two methods are obviously suggested. One is that of refusing appropriations for armies and navies, and thus keeping the country unprepared for war. But the fact is that neither preparedness nor unpreparedness counts greatly either for or against war. Our own history contains two striking demonstrations of that fact. No nation was ever more utterly unprepared for war, more destitute of armaments, than was the United States in 1812; and yet we deliberately began a war of aggression. In 1898, too, our lack of preparation was notorious, and in some respects scandalous; yet that did not restrain us from going to war with Spain. It is not thus that nations are to be kept peaceful or that war is to be prevented.

The other method would be that of making treaties for the maintenance of international peace. But such treaties have been made and have been broken, times out of mind. The present war in Europe was marked in its beginning with the most curt and summary disregard of some of the most solemn conventions ever entered into by sovereign Powers. If they have been broken without compunction, there is only too little reason for hoping that others would be more fortunate.

The fact is, of course, that epigrammatically expressed centuries ago by the world's greatest Teacher. "Man does not live by bread alone." Man is not ruled by governments alone; and the destinies of nations are not determined alone by treaties and conventions. War is not to be ended by royal decree or

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by act of Congress. Even the ballot is not a panacea. Universal suffrage for men in America and Europe has not inducted the millennium; and it would be hoping against reason to look for the latter achievement as an immediate result of extending the suffrage to women. Men—the whole human race—must be educated and trained for peace, if that be possible. So long as "man is a fighting animal"—as he is proverbially reputed to be and as indeed he is—so long will he fight, individually and collectively. The hope of peace lies not in laws and treaties, not in systems of government, not in democracies nor despots, but in the hearts and minds of men. Whether the hearts and minds of men can be so transformed as to cause them to turn from the world-old practice of war to abiding peace is a question which nothing but experience can answer.

All this counts, of course, neither for nor against woman suffrage. Doubtless, if that suffrage were known to be an infallible guarantee of peace, the people almost as a unit would be for it. But that it would not be such a guarantee is no condemnation of it. Votes for women are to be granted or withheld on other grounds than that. Also, it would not be well to have this really irrelevant ground employed in any way in this controversy. *Cherchez la femme* is not to be said in considering the causes of this war. Neither is it to be said in devising the ways and means of peace.

THE BOGY OF ALIEN ILLITERACY

THE President's veto of the Immigration Bill, happily effective, should serve a double purpose. It should put an end to the mistaken effort to debar from this country otherwise acceptable immigrants on the sole ground of illiteracy, and it should lead to a general recognition of the unjust and unreasonable character of that effort. We may unhesitatingly concede that illiteracy is an evil, and that unrestricted immigration is or would be an evil. But the evil of illiteracy is not to be abolished by excluding immigrants who cannot read and write, and the worst evils of promiscuous immigration are not to be corrected by making literacy the test for admission. The illiterates are not, *per se*, the worst class of undesirables. The most serious evil lies in the entrance to this country of wastrels, of degenerates, of the physically and mentally infirm; above all, of the morally corrupt. No rational man should object to

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the strictest possible exclusion of these. But there should be no hesitation in preferring an immigrant who is technically illiterate, yet actually intelligent, honest, and industrious, to one who is stupid, dishonest, and lazy, though gifted with all the technical scholarship of the academic curriculum.

It should be borne in mind, too, that illiteracy is not merely an imported thing. It bears the stamp "Made in America," too. Indeed, there is vastly more native than naturalized illiteracy, if we take our whole population into the reckoning; and there is nearly as much native as naturalized if we have regard to only the white race. According to the census of 1910 the numbers of illiterates above the age of ten years were as follows:

Negroes, American born	2,227,731
Whites, American born	1,534,272
Whites, foreign born	1,650,361

Thus there were almost as many white native Americans illiterate as there were illiterate immigrants. True, the proportion of the former to the whole was far less than of the latter. Yet in at least one State the percentage of illiterate native white people was considerably greater than the percentage of illiterate immigrants in the whole country. In Louisiana no fewer than 15 per cent. of the native whites above the age of ten were illiterate, while in the whole United States only 12.7 per cent. of immigrants suffered that disability. Of course, it might be argued that if we have so many illiterates of our own, there is the more cause for excluding those of other lands who seek to come thither. But there would be to this the ready and effective reply that we are sorely disqualified for casting contumelious and condemnatory stones at the unfortunate of other countries.

There is the more force in this latter contention because of the fact that native illiteracy is commonly self-propagating, while alien illiteracy is not. Our native illiterates too often bring up their children as illiterates, while illiterate immigrants do not. That is indeed one of the most impressive circumstances of the whole case. The average native illiterate is the child of an illiterate. But the illiterate immigrant almost invariably takes pains to have his children educated. The result is that the children of immigrants are the most generally literate class of our entire population. Here are the percentages of illiteracy among adults in 1910:

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Negroes, American born	30.4
Whites, foreign born	12.7
Whites, American born of American parents	3.7
Whites, American born of immigrant parents	1.1

Thus the illiterate children of immigrants were less than one-third as many, proportionately, as the illiterate children of native Americans. What is the natural and inevitable deduction? Why, that illiterate immigration, while a present evil, assures a much greater future good. It increases for the present the sum total of illiteracy in the nation, but promises in the next generation to decrease its proportion. It means a present generation of illiterates, but a coming generation of literates.

There is the less reason for applying the literacy restriction to immigration at this time, because for some years to come the volume of aliens entering this country is practically certain to be greatly diminished as a result of the European war. While the war lasts there will be few immigrants. Some who would otherwise have come will not come because they cannot get passage, in the great disturbance of ocean traffic; some because they are in the armies or were in the armies and have been killed; some because they expect soon to be needed in the armies; some because they are urgently needed to carry on the industries the ranks of whose workers have been depleted by the military conscription.

So much while the war lasts. But with the return of peace we need look for no marked resumption of migration to America. The enormous losses of the war will have decreased the industrial efficiency of the chief European nations so greatly that all the survivors will be needed at home, and will in fact have at home greater opportunities of achievement and of gain than they would have here. Nor will the need be for men merely to man the ordinary industries. The devastation of the war will enormously increase the amount of work that is to be done. The lands in which the war has raged will need all their own citizens, and all who can be spared by their neighbors, to rebuild their razed cities, to till their ravaged fields, and to rehabilitate their prostrated industries. They will have no workers to spare for America.

It is not to be expected that any considerable number will desert their stricken fatherlands and come hither; though for our own good we might selfishly wish that they might do so. In former ages such migrations did occur; sometimes with results of amazing beneficence to the lands which gave asylum

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to the exiles. The famous linen industry of Ireland, though it had long before existed, was enormously increased and raised to its greatest efficiency and prosperity by the influx of skilled workmen from Belgium. More notable, because more numerous, was the similar movement of French exiles. From 1684 to 1691, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the very flower of the French nation migrated to other lands. Great industries were ruined, never to rise again in France, though some of them did rise elsewhere. The Norman hat trade, formerly the greatest in Europe, disappeared. Three-fourths of the silk-workers of Lyons and Touraine went into exile, to re-establish their industry at Spitalsfield, England, and in Holland. French refugees settled by thousands in Brandenburg and in Berlin, more than doubling the population of that city and starting it upon its way to greatness. Some came to America, and still others, led by the nephew of Duquesne, settled at the Cape of Good Hope and laid the foundations of civilization in South Africa.

Much as we might welcome the Belgians, however, there will be no such exodus after this war, any more than there was from France in 1871. Some will be constrained by patriotism to remain at home; some will be restrained by their Governments; some will remain in the expectation that there will be greater profit there than here, as there well may be. The spirit now shown by the whole Belgian nation, from King Albert down, indicates that the "*fortissimi*" of Cæsar's time will find worthy descendants in our own day, and that not even this latest and worst of the conflicts which during so many centuries have raged in that "cockpit of Europe" will cause Belgium to be deserted by the surviving remnant of her people.

We may, therefore, prudently assume that for a number of years we shall receive so few immigrants that the minor percentage of illiteracy among them will be a negligible quantity, particularly if we adopt and enforce suitable restrictions based upon grounds of character and efficiency. It is for his own criminality or economic worthlessness that the alien should be penalized, and not for the deprivation which he has suffered unwillingly at the hands of the Government from which he is seeking to escape to better things.

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LENGTH OF DAYS

TO THE EARLY DEAD IN BATTLE, 1915

BY ALICE MEYNELL

THERE is no length of days
  But yours, boys who were children! How, of old,
The past beset you in your childish ways,
  With sense of Time untold!

What have you then for gone?
  A history? This you had. Or memories?
These, too, you had of your far-distant dawn.
  No further dawn seems his,

The old man who shares with you,
  But has no more, no more. Time's mystery
Did once for him the most that it can do:
  He has had infancy.

And all his dreams, and all
  His loves for mighty Nature, sweet and few,
Are but the dwindling part he can recall
  Of what his childhood knew.

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He counts not any more
  His brief, his present years. But, oh, he knows
How far apart the summers were of yore,
  How far apart the snows.

Therefore be satisfied;
  Long life is in your treasury ere you fall;
Yes, and first love, like Dante's. Oh, a bride
  For ever mystical!

Irrevocable good,
  You dead, and now about, so young, to die,
Your childhood was; there space, there multitude,
  There dwelt antiquity.

ALICE MEYNELL.

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THE BLAST-FURNACE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

And such a night! But maybe in that mood
'Twas for the best; for he was like to brood—
And he could hardly brood on such a night
With that squall blowing, on this dizzy height
Where he caught every breath of it—the snow
Stinging his cheek, and melting in the glow
Above the furnace, big white flakes that fell
Sizzling upon the red-hot furnace bell:
And the sea roaring, down there in the dark,
So loud to-night he needn't stop to hark—
Four hundred feet below where now he stood.
A lively place to earn a livelihood—
His livelihood, his mother's, and the three
Young sisters', quite a little family
Depending on him now—on him, Jim Burn,
Just nineteen past—to work for them, and earn
Money enough to buy them daily bread
Already . . .
And his father on the bed
Up-stairs . . . gey sudden . . .
Nay, he mustn't think:
But shove his trolley to the furnace brink,
And tip his load upon the glowing bell,
Then back again toward the hoist. 'Twas well
He'd work to stop him thinking. He was glad
His mate to-night was not a talky lad—
But Peter, mum-glum Peter, who would stare
With such queer sulky looks upon the flare
When round the dipping bell it shot up high
With roar and flourish into that black sky.
He liked to hear it roaring, liked to see
The great flame leaping skyward suddenly,
Then sinking slowly, as the bell rose up
And covered it again with red-hot cup,
When it would feed more quiet for a time
Upon the meal of ironstone and lime
He'd fetched it in his trolley . . .

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Aye, and he,
Trundling his truck along that gallery
High in the air all night to keep it fed—
And all the while his father lying dead
Up-stairs—to earn a livelihood. 'Twas strange
To think what it all meant to him—the change . . .

And strange he'd never thought before how queer
It was for him, earning his bread up here
On this blast-furnace, perched on the cliff-top—
Four hundred feet or so, a dizzy drop,
And he'd be feeding fishes in the sea!
How loud it roared to-night, and angrily—
He liked to hear it breaking on the shore,
And the wind's threshing, and the furnace' roar:
And then the sudden quiet, a dead lull,
When you could only hear a frightened gull
Screeching down in the darkness there below,
Or a dog's yelp from the valley, or the snow
Sizzling upon hot iron. Queer, indeed,
To think that he had never taken heed
Before to-night, or thought about it all.

He'd been a boy till this, and had no call
To turn his mind to thinking seriously.
But he'd grown up since yesterday; and he
Must think a man's thoughts now—since yesterday
When he'd not had a thought but who should play
Full-back for Cleveland Rovers, now that Jack
Had gone to Montreal, or should he back
Old Girl or Cleopatra for the Cup.

In four-and-twenty hours he had grown up . . .
His father, sinking back there on the bed,
With glassy eyes and helpless lolling head . . .
The dropping jaw . . . the breath that didn't come,
Though still he listened for it, frozen numb . . .

And then, his mother . . . but he must not let
His mind run on his mother now. And yet
He'd often thought his father glum and grim.
He understood now. It was not for him,
His son, to breathe a word to her, when he,
Her husband, had borne with her patiently
Through all those years. Aye, now he understood
Much, since he hadn't his own livelihood

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To think of only, but five mouths to feed—
And the oldest, the most helpless . . . He had need
To understand a little . . .
But to-night
He mustn't brood. . . . And what a golden light
The steady spurt of molten slag below
Threw up upon the snow-clouds—and the snow
Drifting down through it in great flakes of gold,
Melting to steam, or driven, white and cold,
Into the darkness on a sudden gust.
And how the cold wind caught him, as he thrust
His empty trolley back toward the hoist,
Straight from the sea, making his dry lips moist
With salty breath.
'Twas strange to-night, how he
Was noticing, and seeing suddenly
Things for the first time he'd not seen before,
Though he'd been on this shift at least a score
Of times. But things were different somehow. Strange
To think his father's death had wrought the change
And made him see things different—little things:
The sudden flashing of a sea-gull's wings
Out of the dark, bewildered by the glare;
And, when the flame leapt, mum-glum Peter's hair
Kindling a fierier red; the wind; the snow;
The unseen washing of the waves below
About the cliff-foot. He could almost see,
In fancy, breakers frothing furiously
Against the crumbling cliffs—the frantic spray
Leaping into the darkness, nigh half-way
Up the sheer height.
And now his thoughts dropt back
Into the valley, lying still and black
Behind him—and the mine where other men
Were toiling on their night shift, even then
Working the ironstone for daily bread,
Their livelihood. . . .
He saw the little red
Raw row of square brick houses—dark they'd be
And quiet now— Yet, plainly he could see
The street he lived in—aye, and Number Eight,
His father's house: the rusty iron gate;
The unkempt garden; and the blistered door;
The unwashed doorstep he'd not seen before,
Or, leastways, hadn't noticed; and the bell
That never rang, though he remembered well

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His father'd tinkered it, times out of mind;
And in each window, a drawn yellow blind
Broken and grimy—and that blind, to-day
Drawn down for the first time. . . .
His father lay
In the front bedroom, quiet on the bed . . .
And he, upon his usual shift. . . .
She'd said,
His mother'd said, he shouldn't take his shift
Before the undertaker'd been to lift . . .
'Twas scarcely decent: that was what she said—
Him working, and his father lying dead,
And hardly cold. . . .
And she, to talk to him,
His son, of decency, there, with that grim
Half-smile still on her husband's cold white face!
He couldn't bide a moment in the place
Listening to her chat-chatter, knowing all
That he knew now. . . . But there, he had no call
To blame her, when his father'd never blamed.
He wondered in that room she wasn't shamed. . . .

She didn't understand. He understood,
Now he'd grown up; and had his livelihood,
And theirs, to earn. . . .
Lord, but that was a rare
Fine flourish the flame made, a bonnie flare
Leaping up to the stars! The snow had stopt:
He hadn't heeded: and the wind had dropt
Suddenly: and the stars were shining clear.
Over the furnace' roaring he could hear
The waves wash-washing; and could see the foam
Lifting and falling down there in the gloam . . .
White as his father's face. . . .
He'd never heard
His father murmur once—nay, not a word
He'd muttered: he was never one to blame.
And men had got to take things as they came.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

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STRAY THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY JAMES BRYCE

HAVING been asked, as an old contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, to send a short article to appear in a number commemorative of its centenary, an era in American literary history, I willingly comply because the occasion gives me the chance of conveying felicitations on a long and honorable record, illuminated by great names, to a magazine in whose pages an English writer always found himself in good American company, and from whose management I personally always received every courtesy and consideration. The notice was, however, so short that I am obliged to put together hastily some scattered thoughts on a large subject; a subject, however, which seems appropriate when a leading organ of transatlantic literature is looking back over many years during which that literature has wonderfully expanded. These scattered thoughts must, moreover, be briefly and imperfectly expressed, for the topic is so large that were I to try to elaborate it the article would never get written at all. So I shall try to convey in the simplest fashion what seem to be to me the most conspicuous changes that have passed upon the literary output of the United States during the last forty years, for it is now a little more than forty years since I first began to know THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The first thing which it occurs to me to note is that the relation between American and British literature has become closer. I say "British," not for the sake of including more categorically Scottish and Irish, but because American literature is necessarily "English" in the larger, which is also the truer, sense of the term. All that is written in English, wherever it is written, is English literature because it descends from the same source—*viz.*,

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the great writers of the seventeenth century, when the people now politically separated were one people, and because every part of it has continued to affect and mold every other part. To-day people in Britain read books published in America and Americans read books published in Britain, far more generally than was ever the case before. The taste and the criticism of each country are more influenced by that of the other. When living in the United States I was constantly struck by the fact that a new British writer of some fresh quality was often sooner known and more promptly appreciated there than in his own country. The same thing happens, though less markedly, in Great Britain. Thus, as well as through the more frequent personal intercourse, the intellectual touch of the two branches of the old stock has become more intimate, and the immense influx of new immigrants into the United States has not been an adverse force, for in the second generation all are Americans. Certainly the English have become much more curious regarding American life and American problems, more anxious to understand what they feel to be of greater and greater significance to the world as well as to themselves.

As respects what may be called "solid literature," that is to say books on history, philosophy, economics, and all the so-called human or "social" sciences, the greatest change of recent years is the enormously increased American output. The growth of universities in the United States has been without parallel in the world. Small colleges in small towns or rural districts that were forty years ago no more than upper schools have developed into fully equipped institutions of higher teaching. State universities have been established all over the West and South and now receive large annual grants. New universities, like those of Chicago and Leland Stanford in California, have been liberally endowed by private benefactions and possess buildings and a staff comparable to those of Harvard and Columbia, of Michigan and Wisconsin. All these universities have professors of history—some of them several professors, for it is a favorite study. There may be more than two hundred, perhaps three hundred, of such professors in the United States—a number at least three or four times as great as that of those who pursue the study in the United Kingdom. A large proportion of these teachers are not content with teaching, but occupy themselves also with research and publish the results of their researches. I doubt if Germany itself turns out every year so large a mass of printed matter devoted to historical

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investigation or speculation. This matter has a German quality, not unnaturally, for the impulse to this kind of work came largely from the teachers and learned men of the German universities to which American students used to resort. These books and articles are eminently painstaking and accurate, disdaining no facts, however trivial they may seem. Comparatively few large historical works are produced, for the writers are occupied not so much in rearing edifices as in laying foundations, or perhaps in quarrying stones and carrying them to the place where the building is to be erected. They are regardful rather of the substance than of the style and manner of their compositions, and are right in this, for the work is of a class in which accuracy is the one essential thing. Nevertheless, the treatises of Henry C. Lea, most learned of all American historians, and those of Francis Parkman and of John Fiske, were of admirable quality; nor are their successors wanting among living writers, whom I do not mention because selection would be invidious where there are several of conspicuous excellence.

Much of this work relates to local history or State history, and makes its special appeal to citizens of the United States. But much also deals with large constitutional questions and with problems in political science that are of universal interest. Americans have begun to realize that their country is both the workshop and the laboratory of democracy. In their forty-eight States and their Congress they are trying experiments in every form of popular government by which the whole world may profit, and indeed is profiting.

The other field from whose heavy soil a large crop is being raised is the field of economics and of the social sciences in their application to social progress. Here the affinities of American authors are rather with England than with Germany, for the exaggerated doctrines of State omnipotence which German thinkers have (to their own injury) embraced do not commend themselves to English-speaking men nurtured in the principles of liberty. The substantial identity of industrial problems, and social problems generally, in Britain and the United States, as well as the similarity of spirit and aims, has made the experiments and the literature bearing on these subjects especially helpful to both countries.

When one passes from these grave subjects to the greener and gayer meadows of fiction, the change from forty years ago shows itself rather in quality than in quantity. In the seventies few novels of literary merit were appearing in America, cer-

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tainly very few that won reputation in Europe, until those who are now illustrious veterans—Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Henry James—made themselves known. Isolated works of striking individuality shone out now and then, like the best of Mark Twain's, but there was no such number of really finished and artistic story-tellers as America has to-day, when at least three novelists (besides the veterans just referred to) are admittedly equal to the best of their English competitors. The American novel is now no longer content to depict phases of local life, though that is still effectively done, and the romantic element that has long been associated with the Far West is now so fast fading away that it will soon cease to be available for "local color." But several of the best writers of to-day are grappling with the newer issues of life, in an imaginative way, and in a more "continental" spirit, so to speak, than any of their predecessors. They are less influenced by French models than most of our English writers have been; and in their hands realism does not so much occupy itself with small details. One is now struck by the presence of what European travelers when they return from America used to complain of as wanting there: I mean delicate elaboration in workmanship. This care and finish are now evident not only in fiction, but in literary criticism also. Good criticism is almost as rare both in literature and in art, as good original work; and in the United States there was but little of it in the seventies or eighties, far less than one finds now. I do not know whether some share in this advance may not be due to the example set by the late Mr. Wendell P. Garrison, who was for many years literary editor of the New York *Nation*. He wrote little or nothing in that journal himself; indeed, I am not sure that he ever wrote anything except a biography of his father, William Lloyd Garrison. But he had formed an exceedingly high idea of what literary reviewing ought to be, and in his days the notices of books—especially of books on philosophical or historical subjects—in his weekly were thought by some Englishmen to maintain an average level higher than any British journal then attained. Nor has any monument of critical scholarship applied to a classic been reared in Britain during the last few decades quite comparable to the great Variorum edition of Shakespeare which we owe to the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia.

It is now more than thirty years since the chief names in poetry were ceasing to write both in America and in Britain; and just as in the latter the places left vacant by the disappear-

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ance of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne have not been filled, so neither have any successors to Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Holmes, or Whittier—some might add Whitman—attained an equally conspicuous position. It is not that in either country people care less for poetry—all the verses of merit that appear are eagerly read—but not only these two countries, but the nations of continental Europe also, still await the great geniuses who will doubtless, as after former periods of comparative quiescence, at last swim into the sky.

Two other questions rise to the mind in looking back over these four decades. One of them is, Does American literature show a tendency to centralize itself at any point, as French literature long ago centralized itself in Paris, and as German literature has been tending to do in Berlin? Some might have expected this, seeing how the wonderful development of the railway system and of commerce has drawn America together. There are, however, few, if any, indications of such a process. Boston seems to be less of a literary center than it once was. New York is not conspicuously more of a center, though a larger proportion of authors may now reside there. Yet the tone and spirit of American literature seem to be taking on rather more of a national character as intercourse grows more intimate between all parts of the country, and as the difference between the social and intellectual and even the political conditions of the East, the South, the Middle West, and the Pacific slope are becoming less marked. People seem to think more alike in various parts of the country than they once did, and there is a sort of convergence of tastes and habits. Magazines are sometimes called "the enemies of books," but the leading magazines, now read more widely over all parts of the country than daily newspapers can be, may be playing their part in creating a similarity of tastes all over the continent.

The question may also be put: Are British and American literature drawing closer to each other with the immensely increased personal intercourse of the two peoples and the better knowledge each has of the other? They are doubtless more occupied with the same subjects than they used to be, because the United States is altogether in fuller touch with the Old World. But the distinctive color or flavor, whichever one is to call it, of the New World is still evident. When one opens a book without knowing who the author is or where it is published, there is something not merely in the words or style, but in the

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way of thinking, and in the atmosphere (so to speak) which the thoughts breathe, which reveals the author's nationality. This difference between spirit and flavor of the literature of the two peoples seems to me personally less marked than are the differences between their institutions and their respective national characters. Nevertheless, it exists, and it seems likely to continue. That it should continue is much to be desired by those who value individuality and who feel that the ideas and tastes of mankind may some day find themselves in danger of becoming too uniform. The more variety there is, so much the more progress, for variety is stimulating as well as enjoyable.

These are but scattered thoughts, and stand in much need of illustration from concrete instances, which I would give did time and space permit. The developments noted are only a few out of many, nor has it been possible to dwell upon those others that have passed on the quality of work done in the spheres of science and art. But the most remarkable of all the changes seems to be the extraordinary extension and improvement of the higher teaching in the universities. They are at present far more occupied with solid learning and with the study of nature than with what we call "literature" in the narrower sense. But they are creating a vast mass of readers, women no less than men, who love literature and who appreciate art to a far greater extent than the American population did forty years ago, and the results cannot but appear in the literary productivity as well as in the literary taste of the coming generation.

JAMES BRYCE.

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THE RIGHT AND THE DUTY OF SELF-DEFENSE

BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE

THE centennial of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a very rare and interesting event. I do not know of any American periodical that has endured so long or exercised more influence for good. Through all its changes it has maintained high character and great public spirit. For two-thirds of its hundred years I can remember it well, and vouch for it as the vehicle of the best thought of the time being.

It is interesting to note that its century is concurrent with the century of peace preserved between all the English-speaking peoples of the world, and I cannot but think that it has done at least its share toward maintaining the hundred years of peace which we have been prevented by the greatest war of history from duly celebrating.

I am asked to furnish a few lines on any subject I choose, and I think that the most interesting question now before the public is whether we, as a nation, are going to be prepared to maintain the sacred right and duty of self-defense, or are to continue in our present shiftless condition of exposure to attack, and to take it lying down, from whatever quarter it may come.

President Washington in his first annual address to both Houses of Congress on the 8th of January, 1790, declared that—

> Among the many interesting objects which will engage your attention, that of providing for the common defense will merit particular regard. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

And one of the great objects of the Constitution of the United States, as expressed in its famous Preamble, is "to provide for the common defense."

Some earnest Christians of to-day, and among them some of my fellow-pacifists, object to this theory of self-defense and

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profess to believe that all preparation for defense will only invite attack. But I think that Washington and the framers of the Constitution of the United States, who had just emerged from a seven years' war, understood the subject much better than these doctrinaires of to-day, and if their theory was correct in the very infancy of the Republic, it is certainly equally so now that we have become a great world Power with exposed flanks and liable to be attacked at any time. For certainly any nation in the world has as much reason for attacking us to-day as Germany had for attacking Belgium on the 4th of August last.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Navy and of the Army confirm the belief that both arms of the service are at present entirely inadequate for our needs. We have an army, such as it is, but its ranks are not full; and we have a navy which is by no means up to the modern standard demanded by the events of the present war.

It has often been said, and truly, that the navy is the cheapest defense of the nation. Whether this would hold true if every craft constructed were to be a dreadnought I do not know. But perhaps the day of dreadnoughts is done, and smaller and less-expensive weapons of war will take their place. At any rate, events of the present war have shown that we have very much to learn about a navy, and that Congress and the Navy Department have much, not only to learn, but to unlearn.

I have referred to our exposed flanks. We are exposed to attack in all directions. The Philippines alone are a perpetual challenge. In constructing and undertaking the defense of the Panama Canal we have assumed vast responsibilities. We have an undefended seacoast, greater, I believe, than that of any other nation, and splendid seacoast cities whose fortifications, however costly they may have been, will not suffice to defend those cities against hostile armies landing at a safe distance from the fortifications. And then there is the Monroe Doctrine, which is so dear to the people, but which is not worth the paper on which President Monroe wrote the short sentence which embodies it unless we have the force to defend it, when challenged, and are ready to use that force.

And then as to the army—I am as much opposed as anybody to a great standing army such as France and Germany have maintained for a generation, withdrawing millions of men from useful occupations, and of little real use unless they expected and intended war—but that is no reason why we should not adopt some system which would make all the young men of America

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fit to fight and to defend themselves and their country, which could be done by the development of some such method as President Wilson hinted at in his recent speech to Congress, some co-operation between the national authority and that of the States which should secure the training of our youth as strong and healthy units and make them fit to be converted at short notice into soldiers, constituting an invincible army for the defense of our homes and territory.

I believe this to be absolutely practicable and manifestly necessary, and that the cost of it would not equal in a year what either of the great contending nations now is expending in war in a day. Besides, how much better it would be for the young men themselves for all the purposes of life, even though we should never have any war, to be disciplined and made perfectly well and strong and fit for service, and redeemed from the flabby condition in which so many of them are to-day. And how small an outlay it would cost the nation to make them so.

No, Washington and his fellow-patriots were right in this matter, and our friends who cry "'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace," and who object to our getting ready to defend ourselves, are clearly wrong. This truth is impressed upon us every day by the ever-renewed reports of the frightful slaughter by which the flower of the youth of all the nations concerned are giving up their lives and leaving their families in such hopeless distress that we may well exclaim with the preacher, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive."

Let us not make the mistake of forgetting the first law of nature—the right and the duty of self-defense. As surely as we neglect this duty and abandon this right we shall some day pay a fearful penalty.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

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AMERICANS ABROAD

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

JEFFERSON, writing to Monroe from Paris in 1785 concerning his impressions of Europe, indulged himself in the following forcible language: "My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy! I confess I had no idea of it myself. While we shall see multiplied instances of Europeans going to live in America, I will venture to say no man now living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe and continuing there." History has provided an instructive commentary on this confident anticipation. The migration of Europeans to America has proceeded at a pace beyond all that Jefferson could have dreamed, while, on the other hand, a great counter-migration of Americans to Europe has contradicted his prophecy. Much of this counter-migration, it is true, has occurred through the temporary resort of Americans to Europe for work or for play; and this utilization of Europe as a laboratory or as a playground could give no serious offense to the great American. There has been, however, another form of counter-migration which would unquestionably excite his reproof, if not his profanity. It is composed of that large number of Americans who without definite vocation have permanently resided abroad. Public attention has been occasionally directed to a few such instances where the alienation of a great fortune or the marriage with a foreign title has provided an entertaining topic of gossip or scandal, but the dimensions of this drift of Americans to Europe has never been realized until the events of the last few months disclosed them. Now, in a sudden panic, from every corner of the continent, like passengers escaping from a burning ship, there has emerged an astonishing multitude of American refugees, whose quiet residence in the choicest spots of Europe has become untenable, and who have fled at any cost from threatening disaster to

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their own more fortunate land. Many of these panic-stricken home-seekers, it must be further admitted, had good reasons for their residence abroad. They were scholars exploring libraries; artists studying masters; students learning languages; business men establishing enterprises or agencies; families educating children; or invalids seeking sunshine. Northern Europe is a great American finishing-school, and Southern Europe a favorite sanitarium. To enrich experience by the resources of European culture is a great gain, both for personal happiness and for American civilization. But in addition to this justified migration there remains a contingent of Americans, whose numbers had never been suspected until the flight from war disclosed them, who have lived in Europe simply because it was easier, cheaper, and more congenial than to live in America. The income-tax collectors are already on the trail of these hitherto undiscovered and non-contributory citizens. Their taste was offended by the crudeness of America; they enjoyed the music, art, theaters, and scenery of Europe; they got more for their money than at home and were free from many responsibilities and obligations, and so, even though they might talk of going home next year, they have found themselves practically Europeanized, and have settled down according to their taste or means, in hotels or pensions, villas or castles, city or country, north or south, in the comfortable enjoyment of nature, art, or play.

There are unquestionable advantages in this irresponsible and unattached way of residence. It avoids many expenses of hospitality or public spirit; it is easy-going, luxurious, and leisurely; and it has the companionship of similar migrants from various countries who are occupied in the same task of converting life into play. If it happen that one of these nomadic pleasure-seekers feels a twinge of conscience and tries the experiment of a winter at home, he is likely to find his touch with America lost, and to turn back with a sense of relief from the crude commercialism of the West to a world where tranquillity and idealism survive. Yet, on the other hand, this Europeanizing of Americans has serious disadvantages which the present rush for home brings into light; and it is a good time to enumerate some of the lessons which such a crisis has to teach.

In the first place, it has been discovered by many Americans abroad that, however comfortable they may have been, they are still aliens. They have thought themselves much at home; their lavish use of money has been welcomed; courtesy

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has been abundant; and they have had some acquaintance with agreeable people of various nationalities, who for good reason or bad shared this exile from home. Suddenly they find that they do not belong where they are, and are not wanted there, and that the quicker they get away the better the native population will be pleased. It turns out that they have been simply lookers-on at a world which they could not really share. The American colony has been tolerated as a source of profit, but there was always a silent protest against the manners, intrusiveness, and extravagance of these noisy barbarians, and, now that a crisis comes, their room is better than their company. What a position is this for a self-respecting American! Yet this is precisely what he should have expected when he deliberately made himself an alien; and an event like the present war simply tears away the curtain of polite convention and exhibits this foreign resident as an unwelcome or suspected stranger. The one thing to be desired in such a case is a country to which one really belongs. One has learned by sad experience what it means to be a man without a country.

A second lesson may be derived from what has seemed to many Americans abroad the chief attractiveness of their residence. They had exchanged the promiscuous, undetermined, and fluid civilization of the United States for a world that seemed happily fixed, finished, and complete. That was one of the charms of Europe. Everything was settled and orderly. Social standing, eligibility, and rank were unquestioned. Art, architecture, and music had their traditions and standards. There was a historical background to every institution. Government, custom, and law had created a finished picture which one had but to appreciate and enjoy. How crude and ugly by contrast seemed the incompleteness of American democracy; how insecure its dependence on the shifting decisions of the popular will! Yet now, of a sudden, this stability of Europe gives way as though built on a quicksand; and the Americans who had abandoned their restless and casual civilization flee to it as to a world built on a rock. It is as though they had been villagers on the slopes of Vesuvius and a terrific eruption drove them headlong to the sea and across the ocean to a firmer, even if a less smiling, land. The very qualities in American life which had repelled them—its lack of social classifications, its nobility, its unripeness — are now seen to be the signs of its strength and health. It was the strain to keep things fixed which made the volcano of war so terrible. Everything had

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seemed as sunny as an Italian landscape, but the hidden convulsions were all the more shattering because the surface of life was so firm. And meantime these lovers of stability had missed the happiness of sharing in the only social stability which is safe—the security of motion, the health of growth, or what a great teacher has called the glory of the imperfect. The civilization they had thought safe from disaster seemed crumbling about them, and the civilization they had abandoned because of its incompleteness seemed the only kind of social order which was likely to survive.

A further lesson may be drawn from the observations now forced on an American abroad of governmental systems in Europe. The casual, accidental, and ineffective methods of American democracy have driven many people of taste and breeding to the orderliness, dignity, and predetermined course of European politics. American cities have seemed a mere field for loot; European cities a miracle of effective administration. When William James, on a return from Europe, was asked what was his chief impression of American life, he answered, "The waste paper in the streets." It was his symbol of the disorderly, reckless, unthrifty individualism of American life. What a comfort it has often been to find oneself in a country of strong government, where one is neither to be robbed by politicians nor to be offended by dirt! What America needs, one has felt, is the discipline of its citizenship, a central authority to keep its civilization straight and strong. Then, with an awful surprise, it turns out that a strong government is no guarantee against the most terrible of social catastrophes; that neither Czar nor Kaiser nor King can check the epidemic of militarism; that the very orderliness, precision, and discipline which seemed the safeguards of peace may be applied with equal efficiency to bloodshed; and that, meantime, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, with all its crudity and imperfection, is, after all, the most trustworthy agent of national stability, and in the present crisis may be the most effective instrument for securing the peace of the world. What a sense of humiliation many a refugee must have felt as he fled from a political environment where palaces and guard-mountings, bands and reviews, seemed the symbols of security, to the unappreciated blessings of the less picturesque world of American democracy, where government rests on the consent of the governed, and where the shows of militarism do not obscure the majesty of political freedom!

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Finally, among the lessons of this tragic time there is forced upon one's attention the nature and function of religion as a factor in modern life. All the European nations now plunged in war, except Turkey, are by title Christian nations, and a great religious tradition has dominated their architecture, art, customs, and law. The American abroad is profoundly impressed by the dignity and splendor which European religion assumes. An established Church seems to share the permanence of an established State. The magnificence of European cathedrals makes a fitting frame for the pageant of European politics. How ephemeral and impertinent seem by contrast the petty denominations and mushroom sects and clapboard meeting-houses of American Christianity! How reassuring it is to live where religion has deep roots and expanding branches, so that the Church becomes a great tree under which a nation may rest! Then, in an instant, this umbrageous beauty of an external, governmental, and superimposed religion crashes to the ground like a tree smitten by a tornado, and at its heart there is laid bare an interior rottenness and decay. Never was there such a disclosure of spiritual impotency as institutional Christianity has been condemned to reveal. The pomp of ritual, the pride of hierarchies, the immemorial traditions, which to many Americans abroad have made religion seem so substantial and permanent, suddenly prove themselves incapable of providing the most elementary support for national duty or international brotherhood. It may not unreasonably be believed that Christianity conceived as a form of government, an external organization, a State within a State, regulating a nation from above, can never again command the loyalty of thoughtful men. When, however, one turns from this colossal breakdown of institutional Christianity to the religious traditions of American life he finds no such evidence of a collapse of faith. On the contrary, the very flexibility and freedom of religion in America, its complete detachment from governmental theories and political organizations, the spiritual individualism which has seemed so elementary and unorganized, turn out to be signs of reality, vitality, and power. Religion in the United States, with all its crudities and defects, is at least not set apart from life, like a medieval cloister where, as one enters, he leaves the world behind. It is, on the contrary, life itself, interpreted and sustained by faith and hope and love. "All things are yours," said the Christian apostle. The field Jesus himself said "is the world." The hold of religion on the unsophisti-

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cated nature of the American people is not through its charm or its age or its authority, but through its efficiency, its practicability, its applicability to life just as it is. In the glamour of European residence one may easily forget what religion is for, and may fancy that it is something to be admired as a spectacle rather than something to be used as an instrument. One may be satisfied to be a looker-on at religious forms, and may mistake symbols for realities. Now, in the precipitate home-coming of these tragic days, what a relief it is to recall that in America religion is not primarily an institution, but an experience; not a form of government, but a way of life!

There are many aspects of American civilization which may offend the taste of one who has settled in Europe, many rough edges of coarse commercialism, but when a supreme test of national character occurs like that which is now, like a great wind, sifting the chaff of civilization from its wheat, one is likely to rediscover the worth of a country where life is still fluid, and diplomacy still straightforward, and religion still personal, and may without irreverence repeat the words of Jefferson: "My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy."

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THE WAR AND A GREATER SCANDINAVIA

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

CALL it by whatever name—understanding, *entente*, alliance—the effect of the Malmö conference between the rulers of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden must be that of a united Scandinavia; the dawning of a new and greater political era in the Northland.

When the war broke out the Scandinavian countries were enjoying commercial prosperity, with England and Germany among the best customers. For years Denmark and the southern neighbor had drawn closer. The disastrous event which resulted in the loss of Schleswig-Holstein may not have been entirely forgotten, but, at any rate, the Danes were not hankering after *ravanche*. The Radical party in control of the Government at Copenhagen was looking for internal progress rather than international issues. In a cultural direction Germany and Denmark found in either country much that proved of great value. The fact that Christian X. had for his consort a princess from Mecklenburg-Schwerin may or may not have had something to do with the good relations that obtained between Berlin and the Danish capital.

With England, Denmark has for decades maintained the very closest association. Ever since the Danish princess won the esteem of the British nation—first as the wife of the Prince of Wales and subsequently as the Queen of England—Alexandra became the strong link in the chain that gave international stability to the little Northern land. There is no denying the fact that Denmark found security in those royal matches which good Queen Louise arranged between her daughters and the scions of Great Britain and Russia. It is probably true that as Empress of all the Russias Dagmar yielded a considerable mastery over Alexander, and that this daughter of Scandinavia let no opportunity go by for aiding the country of her nativity.

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Wedged in, as it were, between the North Sea and the Baltic, Denmark had no reason to doubt that with powerful neighbors to the left and right as friends, Danish soil would be kept inviolate. In addition, England had come to look upon the Danes as their purveyors of foodstuffs. Danish butter and bacon and eggs found ready markets in the British Isles, while the savings-banks of Denmark piled up deposits in consequence.

The situation in Sweden at the time hostilities began was somewhat different to that of Denmark. Political issues were engrossing the people. King Gustaf, strenuously laboring for army and navy increases, found himself confronted by an opposing Congress. The Socialist party brought to bear all its power in an endeavor to defeat the military programme of the King. Then came the great surprise when fifty thousand farmers gathered in Stockholm and amidst the greatest enthusiasm declared that the defense of Swedish territory was the first consideration of the nation. National solidarity became at once a fact. Political adversaries joined in a coalition to conform with the military needs as expounded by King Gustaf. The Cabinet change was such as to fit the situation. Scarcely had the country begun to work out its national defense programme when the cloud burst over Europe and nations heretofore at peace plunged headlong into a maelstrom of warfare such as the world had come to believe could never be.

Sweden, like Denmark and Norway, immediately announced a strict neutrality. When the war broke out, however, there was nothing to show that the three Scandinavian countries were working along identical lines. It is to be remembered that the Norwegians had, scarcely ten years before, declared their independence of Sweden, and that their new freedom had not yet reconciled the Swedish people to what the latter considered a territorial loss. As Crown Prince, Gustaf had been foremost in his resistance to Norway becoming independent. Had it not been for the restraining hand of Oscar II. there would have been war between the brother nations. Feeling ran high in Sweden, but the Norwegians were determined to be free. Common sense finally ruled the day, and as a result of the truce there has gradually developed what now is seen to bind the three Scandinavian countries into a unit with which Europe may yet have to reckon when the war is over and readjustment will call for justice toward the lesser nations.

That it was Gustaf V. who asked his fellow-monarchs of the

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North to meet with him at Malmö for the discussion of affairs growing out of the war is of no particular consequence. Either of the other rulers might have extended the invitation, for it was a matter of common interest to all. The situation had become such that, short of trespassing upon the territories of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the nations responsible for the stoppage of Scandinavian sea traffic were doing the greatest possible harm to Northern activity. Everywhere in the Baltic and in the North Sea the one-time free-to-all waters were so no longer because of mines. Former sea routes were no longer practicable. Embargo followed embargo, and ships flying the flags of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were searched and taken to belligerent ports. To nations whose very existence depends on trade beyond their borders such conditions were unbearable. It may be taken for granted that Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm exchanged numerous messages during the five months that preceded the Malmö conference. Each country wanted to be sure of its case; the nations at war could have their own grievances to settle, but Scandinavia desired to retain the friendship of them all, and help them, if possible, to make peace among themselves.

It has been no secret in Europe that Sweden has viewed with suspicion the Russification of Finland. King Gustaf has openly declared that to the east lay the danger to Swedish nationality. It was Russia he meant when he asked for increased armament to guard against surprises. Sven Hedin's campaign was for the identical purpose. Always it was the Russian bear who stood ready to enfold the country to the west, that it might drink of those warmer waters denied it in every other direction. With the Swedish people this danger became little short of an obsession. Whether rightly so or not, the fact is that Finland's loss of nationality under Russian domination sent a shudder from the arctic circle to the Baltic on the south.

After the conference at Malmö, Russia was first among the great Powers to discuss the effect of a Scandinavian union. The inspired press declared that it could mean nothing derogatory to the Russian people. Be that as it may, not a nation in Europe but will watch with interest the new *entente* of the North. Let it be recalled that when Queen Margarethe, in 1397, summoned the clergy and nobility of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to the assembly at Calmar, the celebrated Union of Calmar which resulted from that memorable gathering became a potent bulwark for the security of the three countries for more

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than a century. Presenting a compact and united front, the three nations of the Northern peninsula were for a long time the arbiters of the European political system. No such effect, of course, is expected as a result of the Malmö meeting, yet there is some reason for the Scandinavians to paraphrase the "Te Deum" sung in the churches of Calmar as Erik of Pomerania was anointed and crowned by the archbishops of Upsala and Lund as King of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden: "*Haecce unio esto perpetua! Longe, longe, longe, vivai Margarethe, regina Daniae, Norvegiae et Sveciae!*"

An alliance between the Scandinavian countries has often been considered, but fear of offending the great Powers has in the past prevented its materialization. It is a curious thing that after the union of the three kingdoms of the North Queen Margarethe aimed all her efforts at regaining the duchy of Schleswig, which circumstances had compelled her to resign to Gerhard IV., Count of Holstein. It will thus be seen that the Schleswig-Holstein question was a mooted point as far back as the fifteenth century, when the interrelated affairs of Denmark and Germany were matters of the greatest concern to the peace of Europe. Again and again Sweden and Norway have stood ready to assist the Danes in retaining possession of what they consider integral parts of their land. Yet always there has been something to prevent the consummation of a plan that would have seen the three Scandinavian peoples united. The world war evidently has proved the need of openly announcing that henceforth Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will speak as if with one voice on affairs in which all three nations are interested.

The official statement issued after the Malmö conference may prove a historic document of the utmost value to Europe, and in order to understand why this may be so it is necessary to read between the lines. Wallenberg, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, said in a subsequent interview that the meeting would be of great benefit to all concerned. *Morgenbladet*, one of the leading newspapers of Christiania, declared that the present situation has taught the people of the Northern countries that their interests are identical, and that the connection between them is closer than that between any other group of nations.

Another important newspaper, the *Tidens Tegn*, said:

> We want peace, but we know that peace cannot be assured without the unity of all the countries.

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Alone the Scandinavian countries might yield to pressure. Together the three countries represent a strength, both military and economic, which no Power can threaten.

Much as the people of Scandinavia desire to observe strict neutrality, it is really remarkable that neither Denmark, Norway, nor Sweden has so far yielded to persuasion of a contrary sort. None of the belligerent Powers has been guiltless in making undue advances. Emissaries have aimed at convincing the neutrals that their neutrality was no protection. Newspapers of the warring Powers have done the latter a poor service by hinting that Scandinavia had better cast its lot with this or that group. On the other hand, so long as leading men in the North continue to advocate any other policy but that of the respective Governments, so long will there be suspicion that Scandinavian neutrality is but a matter of present convenience. Sven Hedin, returning from his visit with the German General Staff in France, cannot serve Sweden by lauding the Teutons as against the Allies. Björn Björnson, with his news bureau on the Continent, ought not to give his reports a too Germanic coloring, as cautioned by Politiken, of Copenhagen. Let be that Professor Fahlbeck, the distinguished Swedish scholar and former member of the Upper House, affirms that the war could have been avoided had a thoroughly armed Sweden stood at the side of Germany as a warning to Russia. The highest patriotism may be moving these men to speak as they think, yet this is not the time to aggravate a situation serious enough without threatening an extension of the war zone to Scandinavian soil.

As coming from without, Professor William Oswald's mission to Sweden in the interest of a Baltic Union cannot have added to the comfort of Scandinavia. The German Nobel prize winner was undoubtedly actuated by motives of the most pacific intent. Yet there could have been no need for informing the Swedish people where their particular interests were to be found, and as for promising a united Scandinavia that Finland might be added —that would seem to be reckoning without Russia in the premises. From Petrograd comes the version that it was because of the attempt of coercing Sweden into the German camp that the Malmö meeting was arranged as a counter-blast. This report, however, need not be taken seriously, since, no matter what may be the grievances of Sweden toward Germany for the moment, there is always Finland to warn that the Russian bear is creeping closer and closer to the Swedish border. Swedish shipping has been subjected to much annoyance in the

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Baltic, due to Germany's embargo, but when the Swedes look toward the North Sea they find another of the belligerents no less vigilant lest contraband get into the enemy's country by way of ships flying the flag of Sweden. It is, of course, for the purpose of asserting their rights that the three Northern nations have agreed on concerted action, and none of the other neutral countries applauds Scandinavia's stand more certainly than does Italy, where newspapers like *Vita*, the organ of the Radicals, and *Tribuna*, commenting on the Malmö conference, declare that the Northland has set an example of the greatest value to the world. There is not the slightest doubt that, acting as a unit, Scandinavia will argue its shipping case with greater hope for success than if Denmark, Norway, and Sweden had gone separately before the nations responsible for the halt to traffic. From the beginning of the war until the middle of December the total losses to Scandinavian shipping through mine disasters alone were seventy-two lives and twenty-two ships containing cargoes valued at $10,000,000. The embargo, of course, is an item impossible to figure out until long in the future, but that the loss through contraband search will run into the millions is a foregone conclusion.

Exposed as Norway is to the North Sea, on its western border, that country has found itself in a most uncomfortable position since the outbreak of the war. At any time a great naval battle might take place within earshot of the Norwegian coast. That would be the hour for testing Norway's neutrality, and also its ability to defend this neutrality. Unlike either Sweden or Denmark, however, Norway has neither fear of an immediate neighbor nor the recollection of a disastrous defeat that, as in the case of the Danes, cost them a valued territory. It is true, perhaps, that, owing to geographical conditions, Sweden's interests are now as closely knit with Norway's as when the brother nations had a ruler in common. There is no doubt, furthermore, that where for so many years the Finnish problem has remained unsolved, all the people in the Scandinavian peninsula have become steeped in the idea that Russia will not stop until it obtains those ice-free harbors that the empire considers essential to its existence as an empire. When men of the character of Fridtjof Nansen, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, and Björn Björnson persist in declaring that the menace to Norway is immediately beyond the Swedish border, there is reason to feel that the people will look apprehensively at the Czar's legions.

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And yet, in speaking of the importance of the Malmö conference, Hr. Ihlen, the Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs, declared emphatically that his country was paying no heed to all the efforts that had been made to persuade Norway that Russia had designs on her national integrity as well as that of Sweden. In fact, Hr. Ihlen said that in recent months the Norwegians had had many proofs that the Russian Government was most amicably inclined toward the whole of Scandinavia. The Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs voiced a similar sentiment, affirming further that much of the uneasiness regarding Russia's intention was passing away as a result of the powerful neighbor's evident effort to usher in a new international epoch in Scandinavia.

If, then, the neighboring nations of Russia accept the assurance that their neutrality shall be respected now and in the future, there should be no cause for inquiring as to the reason why there has been such a change of front. The great catastrophe of to-day will make a material difference in the relations of the powers to the lesser countries. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden may even prove instrumental in making international adjustment easier because of the fact that Scandinavia is so thoroughly in earnest regarding its neutral attitude toward all the warring countries.

That the Norwegian press should have made the suggestion that Gustaf of Sweden is entitled to the Nobel Peace Prize for his initiative in establishing the Scandinavian triple *entente* must be conclusive evidence that all friction between the two countries has passed away. It is recalled also at this time that in the cause of Northern harmony no men worked more unceasingly than Oscar II. and that great Norwegian commoner Björnstjerne Björnson. The King and the poet did not always agree on questions that concerned the political alignment between Norway and Sweden. But that Scandinavia should make common cause, both men declared. The year 1905 arrived with its separation crisis, but the severance of the nations in reality led to the harmony which exists to-day.

That greater Scandinavia which may be considered a concrete fact already cannot record the events which led to the Malmö meeting without taking account of Nicholas II.'s peace rescript, however much out of harmony that incident in Russia's history appears when viewed in the light of the present. When W. T. Stead made his noteworthy tour of the courts of Europe to learn how the various nations felt about the Czar's

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summons, he met in Rome Björnstjerne Björnson. Asked his opinion regarding the peace rescript of the Russian Emperor, Björnson replied by asserting that the small countries should now combine politically so as to present a solid front before the Powers. The germ of Mr. Stead's desired United States of Europe reposed in that proposal of the Norwegian, since Björnson insisted that Belgium and Holland and Switzerland should be members with the Scandinavian countries of this league of minor States.

And now Denmark and Norway and Sweden stand a unit for the preservation of their own independence and the safeguarding of the neutral principle. The war may go on; still one section of Europe will hardly undergo a geographical change when the conflict comes to an end. The belligerents will find a way to respect a neutrality that may be considered the one bright spot on the somber European canvas. In that direction Scandinavia may extend hands across the sea, for while the citizens of the United States, like those of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have a right to their opinions, and are privileged to place their sympathies where they wish, no Governments more so than the North American Republic and the three Northern nations of Europe are aiming to make neutrality effective, for their own sake, as well as for the purpose of saving some parts of the world from the devastating war that most likely will be the last permitted by an outraged civilization.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE PEACE TREATY

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

At this writing many Americans are chafing at President Wilson's policy of neutrality. They would have the United States officially voice its protest against the violation of Belgium. Was it not a signatory with Germany to that convention of the Second Hague Conference which forbade belligerents to move troops across the territory of a neutral power? Shall the United States remain silent while Germany makes of these solemn Hague treaties mere scraps of paper? Ought this country not to hasten the end of the war by letting Germany feel the full weight of our Government's indignation at this breach of faith? Some, like ex-President Eliot, urge that we participate in the war in order that bloodshed cease at an early date and that the victory be so decisive as to make out of the question a Waterloo a few years hence.

Against this President Wilson has wisely set himself like flint. It is of the utmost importance to all the combatants that the greatest of the remaining neutral nations should keep its poise and be free from the bias inevitable if it should take sides by diplomatic action or by active participation in the war. Both sides have appealed to the head of this country to judge the alleged illegal war acts of their enemies—a striking proof that they have felt the need of an unprejudiced international tribunal before which to plead. Both sides have thus admitted the dominating moral position of the United States. There appears to be general agreement that it will be President Wilson's task to initiate the peace proceedings when there has been butchery enough. Returning travelers report that President Wilson's reputation abroad has grown immeasurably since the war began. British newspapers have dwelt with satisfaction on that passage in his annual message to Congress in which he so eloquently says, that—

We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn.

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Just now we should be particularly jealous of it because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may, presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed any nation, the opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations.

If there has been considerable irritation by reason of Mr. Wilson's firm and just protest against the British policy in regard to neutral vessels, there is every prospect that the friendly tone of the American communication and of the British answer will permit a speedy settlement of the entire matter without any serious disturbance of the amicable relations previously existing.

Aside from this incident there is satisfaction abroad with the attitude taken by our Government up to this time—even in Germany; if there are some English newspapers which would have us pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and some German which would have us legislate to forbid the sale of arms and military supplies to England, as we stopped the exports to Mexico, they all admit that there is no criticism to be made of the policy of the President or his official acts. There is not the slightest insinuation that we have failed in any respect in our duty as a neutral under the existing laws; Secretary Bryan's statement to Senator Stone must prove the correctness of our position to all who are unbiased. This, together with the prevailing belief that there is in the White House a man of the exceptional stature needed for the wonderful opportunity looming up before him, makes it of the utmost importance that Mr. Wilson should not abate a single jot from the policy of neutrality he has marked out for himself and the country.

Great, doubtless, would be the service rendered to the Allies if the United States should fling itself into the war. Far greater is the service which it can perform if it holds not only our historic but our moral position intact. This, Mr. Wilson wrote, "is the time above all others when we should wish and resolve to keep our strength by self-possession." For us to rush either into the war or into extensive preparations for war would be not merely to tie the President's hands, to deprive him of his position of advantage, but to rob the nation of its vast moral prestige, for it would be the very reverse of keeping our strength by self-possession. And the goal is not merely the extending of our good offices and the offering of a navy-yard building for the plenipotentiaries to occupy, as Mr. Roosevelt

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was able to do for Russia and Japan. It is no distortion of the President's just-quoted words to see in them a desire to use our great influence in the direction of such a disposition of the question of armaments as to make impossible a recurrence of this cataclysm with its horrible sum total of misery. That this country has suffered so gravely because of the war in its rôle of innocent bystander, and that it is, as the President says, honestly desirous of itself keeping out of the maelstrom of militarism, are other reasons that assure it a position of commanding importance provided that the President remains a friend to all parties until the end. For him to attempt to achieve his great aim with Congress voting a larger army and navy and new battle-ships would be out of the question. "You ask us to disarm," would be the answer, "when you are arming as never before. What sinister motive dictates the suggestion?" Should the President take sides, the moral leadership would fall to some one else, or, in the absence of any other powerful neutral executive, would be lacking altogether.

How grave this would be is apparent if one considers that all hope of the world's return to sanity rests upon the coming peace conference. What shall it avail humanity if a hateful Prussian militarism be smashed only to leave in its place a more hateful and dangerous Russian militarism and an even more dominating British navalism? Where will be the gain if the Continent remains armed precisely as before, save that Germany's wings are clipped? What hope of lasting peace will there be if the militarists are to continue to dominate in the counsels of State? How long can so unnatural an alliance as that of reactionary Russia and Liberal England last if there is a return to the old system of checks and balances, of secret and open alliances, with the power to make war in the hands of a few who have supreme authority over great military machines? Everybody now agrees that this war must have come, sooner or later, because the militarism of Europe made it inevitable. How soon will another come if it is left practically intact?

It is the curse of the whole military business that, whether it be German, or French, or Russian, or American, it inevitably breeds a powerful military propaganda. Its advocates talk it, think it, prepare for it, urge it, glory in it, insist that bloodletting must come every now and then, and, in Europe, have trained whole peoples to their belief. The psychological effect of all of this false teaching is inestimable, and it is not to be measured by the numbers engaged in it; a few men of Lord

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Roberts's standing, assuming expert knowledge not possessed by any one else, may do incalculable harm. It is beyond all question that the Austrian military party sought war with Servia not once, but three times, and finally brought it about, thanks to the Archduke's assassination. Its members, and the rank and file of the army, were exultingly certain that war was at hand in 1912. "*Es lebe der Krieg!*" was the toast, and bitter was their disappointment that their old Kaiser held them in check during the Balkan wars. It was not German militarism that was the extreme danger-point then, but the Austrian, with the others not far behind, the Austrians solemnly prating that armies are the best insurance against war when they were doing their utmost to bring it on. They differ but in degrees. And is the world, when this war is over, to continue their policy, which at best spells economic ruin, with the United States perhaps following suit? If so, the men who are being maimed and are dying by the hundred thousand in the prime of their manhood are suffering and perishing in vain.

Again, what more glorious opportunity could there be than this offers for that moral leadership of the world which in some respects has always been America's? Indubitably we shall hear warnings that for Mr. Wilson to do anything beyond providing a meeting-place for peace plenipotentiaries may lead to dangerous entanglements; that it is our business to stand aloof and mind our own affairs lest we be drawn into some international agreement of the kind against which Washington, in his far-seeing wisdom, warned us so earnestly and so wisely. But wisely to exercise our *moral* influence will mean nothing of the kind. Already we have been deeply affected by the war; we have been drawn into it spiritually by our sympathies, economically through our sufferings and through the contributions of our granaries, our arms, and powder factories; politically because of the appeals to us to act as judge of wrong-doing. Shall the most extraordinary chance to lead the world back to the natural, peaceful status of man be allowed to slip by with no effort on our part? It is unthinkable if there is any imagination left in the White House; if there is any response there to an overwhelming moral appeal. We know there is.

Here is a straightforward, practical undertaking on behalf of peace to stir every man not war-mad. Never was there a better vantage-ground for attacking the whole vicious system because some of the oldest militaristic shibboleths have been shown to be utterly baseless. That hoary old falsehood that

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armies make for peace is as exploded now as is the assertion that training in arms alone keeps a nation from rotting out, from becoming craven and flabby. Hereafter militarism is in the open to be defended, if at all, on the grounds that nobody is to be trusted; that mankind has not advanced during the centuries; that there is no way for any nation to live save with rifle on hip; that there is nothing in morality, or national honor, or Christianity. If militarism is to continue to exist we must be frankly brutal, frankly cynical, and here in peaceful America we shall be urged by some fellow-citizens to make the business of preparing to kill other peoples the supreme business of the nation. The world, in other words, is to defeat Prussian Bernhardiism, but is itself to be conquered by his doctrines—even the most peace-loving of democracies, safeguarded by two oceans; the democracy which came into being partly because of a profound hatred of a standing army of its own folk which menaced its freedom of political growth. Are we calmly to assent to this teaching of cynics, or are we to seize the opportunity practically and seriously to contend with these forces which menace the happiness of the world?

Surely the President of the United States who failed to profit by the unique international position which presents itself would be recreant to his trust and to our national traditions. It is not meant by this that the President should take an aggressive attitude and insist that American commissioners shall thrust their legs under the table of peace. Active participation might easily be a fatal mistake; direct action, unless the opportunity comes just in the right way, might prove more hurtful than helpful. But behind the President stands the sound, generous, and united public opinion of the American people, and that can be focused and expressed when the hour comes. How to make it tell is the President's task; it cannot be impossible when the belligerents have already besought us to exert it. Failure, of course, may be the President's lot. The bitter hatreds being aroused may end the possibility of even his good offices; but emphatically this is a case where not failure, but low aim, will be the crime. The opportunity is to serve not merely America and the belligerents, but all mankind. And the people of this country would hail as another Lincoln a President who could translate into action their ardent desire to render this service and to give expression to our own pacific aims. By the side of this of what importance is a formal declaration that the United States views with regret the vio-

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lation of Belgian neutrality? All the world knows that it does; to record it officially might be to antagonize two great nations and to tie our hands for the "final help," which the London *Times* says the United States must give.

But it is precisely for those two offending nations that the United States ought to step into the breach. The victors, if victors the Allies prove to be, must needs be checked unless smoldering animosities like those left by the peace of 1871 and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine are to rankle for another forty years, then to burst into flames again. Already in England they are beginning to see this. Men of light and leading are protesting that Germany must not be degraded; that all talk of rending her limb from limb is as absurd as to speak of wiping her off the map. The "Union of Democratic Control" has been founded, one of the objects of which is to influence the terms of peace so that at least no province or territory shall be torn from its present allegiance, except by the consent of the people, duly registered by a fair vote.

Prominent writers like Prof. Sidney Webb are voicing humane sentiments at public meetings such as, "humiliation is the most expensive luxury in which any victor can indulge, because it does not pay." Mr. Webb declares that it would involve "an enormous loss to the world if the war should end with Europe armed to the teeth, or if the enemy were left in a state of furious hatred." Others are even questioning the wisdom of a great indemnity and are asking if the moral effect is not more advantageous to the nation paying the indemnity than to that receiving it—a question which inevitably recalls the French experience in paying the 1871 indemnity which Germany fancied would cripple her rival for years to come. Indeed, as eminent an authority as Hans Blum insists that the indemnity so unsettled German finance in the years after the war and until 1880 as actually to have been a grave injury to the recipients. As for the moral effects, surely the injury done to Germany in the opinion of the rest of the world by her forced levies upon Belgian cities far outweighs the benefit of the actual sums received, which are at best trifling compared with what this war is costing her in a single week.

Still other far-sighted Englishmen are much less concerned with the terms of peace than with doing away with the political conditions which make such a catastrophe possible. They desire no more secret British diplomacy; they would broaden the basis of the English diplomatic service that it shall not here-

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after be restricted to graduates of Eton or Christ Church and those possessed of four hundred pounds a year. They would make it impossible hereafter for a split Cabinet to plunge Great Britain into war without taking a vote in Parliament, if not one of the people. Surely if enlightened sentiment like this can make itself heard in England, even in war-time, when no one is supposed to think save in accordance with the wishes of the Cabinet, and then only with a bloodthirsty Berserker desire to inflict untold injury upon the enemy, advances in kind from the United States would strike a responsive chord.

By the time the war ends we shall hear little or nothing of the talk of destroying Germany, and in that country there should speedily be an end of the nonsense that Germany is now fighting for her very existence. If history has taught anything, it is that a people with a strong individuality cannot be wiped out. Poland has proved that; divided into three parts, it yet lives in tongue, in character, in the hearts of its people, and may, for all one can foresee, be on the verge of its restoration as a political entity. Were Germany to be divided up among the Allies it could as little be conquered. That which is sound and good in its *Kultur* would survive, no matter how great the difficulties. The German spirit—that part of it which all the world admires—is unconquerable; it can no more be destroyed than matter which the scientists tell us is indestructible. Norman Angell has shown beyond dispute that in the modern economic organization of society no nation profits by conquest of territory. The United States has gained nothing by holding the Philippines save an administrative burden costly in more ways than one. It has acquired no trade advantages which would not inure to it if it hauled down its flag and let the Filipinos govern themselves. So Germany, if she succeeds in holding Belgium, cannot hope to make Germans of the Belgians. They have been for a century trying to compel the Polish Prussians to become German Prussians, without success. They have fought some successful wars during that period, but they have lost every battle against the Polish language. The Flemish would equally survive under German rule as it has outlived the vicissitudes of the centuries. How the Germans have failed to win the affection of the captured French provinces is apparent to every student of the situation. Why should not every effort, therefore, be directed toward avoiding these old pitfalls and of making a peace which shall advance humanity and not retard its spiritual development?

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It is only the statesmen, the small ruling cliques, who, apart from the masses of the people, fail to appreciate this, who cling to the old shibboleths and still lust for conquests. The masses of no people seek the lands of others. Surplus populations do not by any means all go to colonies when colonies there are. There has been nothing more striking about this entire war than the discovery of the multitudes of Germans who lived in France and England, and of the French and English who lived in Germany. Thousands of them refused to go even after war was declared, notably in Germany. That was their home despite their technical British nationality, and there they wanted to stay in peace, and there the men are in concentration camps, to-day, owing to the ungenerous policy of the English Government. What would happen to German and Italian multitudes in the United States if we should go to war with Germany or Italy it is not easy to foresee. This is one of the effective, but quiet and unsuspected ways in which economic and social forces are gradually breaking down international boundaries and hastening the day of a world federation. It is one of the factors which make ridiculous the fire-eaters' assertion that Germany, if conquered, will be humbled in the dust. There is too little real enmity between the warring peoples, between the men in the ranks, who respect each other's prowess, to make this possible. All the greater should be the pressure from all neutral lands against any attempt to strike at her misled people.

American opinion particularly must be directed toward safeguarding the best interests of Germany when the war ends, for the claims of her people upon us cannot be denied, however we may reprobate her participation in the struggle or the policies of her General Staff. This will be the time to show how deep-seated is the friendship between the two nations, and to prove that we remember how German brain and brawn have helped to make this country what it is. German axes have hewn the pioneers' way through many a forest. In whole sections they alone till the soil. Everywhere they rank among the most industrious and the law-abiding; few are either agitators or enemies of the existing order, so that there has been regret that no more of them are coming to us. In our national crises they have stood fast, taking military service for idealistic reasons—thousands even who had not begun to master the English language. They are bone of our bone and sinew of our sinew. They have enriched our national life; what we owe to them for the development of art and music is incalculable. But

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if there were not a single German-born citizen among us, our debt to the intellect and the heart of Germany itself is such that this country could not be ungenerous or unjust to it in its hour of distress, whatever its wrongdoing. As Carl Schurz once put it: "The friendship between the United States and Germany is as old as the Republic itself. It has remained unbroken because it was demanded by all considerations of interest, of civilization, and of international good-will. There is between the two nations not the slightest occasion for discord."

Nothing makes friendships, whether between individuals or nations, as does generosity. The United States, which set the noblest example of forgiveness and of leniency ever seen in dealing with its rebels of 1861–65, can prove that this is the policy which makes best for concord and amity. Had the scaffold taken its toll after Appomattox, no such speedy reunion as we have witnessed would have been seen. If that policy of forgiveness was possible in the heat and bitterness of our civil strife, when treason was rife, after the murder of the nation's best-beloved Executive, the Englishmen who are already working for a future friendship between their country and the Kaiser's are eminently justified in their aim. Prussian militarism is a disease to be eradicated; the whole aggressive attitude of the ruling Germans who to-day embody the nation is the inevitable result of their militarism and autocracy, combined with the bad manners of a *nouveau riche* nation, which has grown wealthy overnight. Our own country, if Dickens, Trollope, Harriet Martineau, and other travelers are to be trusted, went through a period of similar rudeness coupled with a similar egotism, until awakened by the Civil War. As it outgrew this state, so must embattled Germany hers. The point is that there is in German *Kultur*, that is, in her spirit, her steadfastness, in the homely virtues and industry of the masses of her people, the frequent inspiration of her men of learning, her artists and musicians, in her reverence for the achievements of the intellect, much that is priceless for all humanity, and this must be preserved. Every nation makes some such vital original contribution to the credit side of the world's vast bank account. England makes hers, and so does France, and so, too, through her democratic institutions, the absence of caste, the freedom of her people to think freely, to labor, to rise in the social scale as they please, does our own United States.

Our country in this pregnant hour has another duty. It is

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to reaffirm to itself bravely and proudly the fundamental things for which the nation stands. Theoretically we do not believe in kings any more than in standing armies. Yet there has been noticeable a tendency among us to look upon Kings and Kaisers and Courts with a different eye than that of our fathers. Some of us have not only taken kindly to aristocracies, but have been eager to crook the knee to royalty. It is pleasant after-dinner babble to discourse of the evils of universal suffrage; even to lament, if things go not to our taste, that there is not a permanent, stable head at Washington. How else are we to have the kind of efficiency that is Germany's? Or as good city government? After all, there is little difference, the argument runs, whether you have a king or not; one's liberties are about as unfettered in England or Germany as in the United States. So we have graduated from the days when our fathers had such a hatred of royalty as to lead hosts of them to tear their families up by the roots and transplant them across the ocean; as to make our Fourth-of-July orators return with stale, but useful, reiteration to the fact that we are all kings; that we owe allegiance to no man; that we change our rulers as suits us, and believe in no such nonsense as the divine right of anybody to decide the fate and destinies of the masses of his countrymen.

It is thus a wonderful opportunity to set forth the value of our republican institutions. Not that we believe them perfect; our President by himself and our Congress can involve the nation in war, ruin the hopes and aspirations of a generation, and plunge it into misery and grief without the consent of those so injured. But we can at least point to the millions who have flocked to us from abroad and their happiness under our flag, the eagerness with which they seek our citizenship, the passionate loyalty that a Carl Schurz, a Jacob Riis, or a Mary Antin brings to our institutions, and claim for those institutions that more nearly than any others they satisfy the human longing for equality of opportunity and equality in government. If there is any cause for which Americans are justified in proselyting, it is that of a republican form of government. Liberty is still enlightening the world; the American flag still stands for the greatest achievement in self-government in recorded times. All the more should this Republic add to its long list of contributions to the welfare and progress of all mankind the magnificent one of leading the way to universal and permanent peace.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

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FROM THE FRONT—HOME!

BY A BRITISH OFFICER

[The following communication was written by a British officer with the expeditionary forces of the Indian Army, who was wounded last autumn in an engagement near La Bassée, but has now resumed his command.—THE EDITOR.]

SOMETHING has struck you just behind the thigh. It feels a heavy blow—something big, in the nature of a sledge-hammer or cannon-ball. "Dash it, I'm hit," you murmur, instinctively; and yet it cannot be. What hit you was too big. You wonder what on earth it can be. Perhaps a bomb that failed to explode —or a large piece of one.

All this flashes through your mind as you lie there in the snow, with the enemy just across the road still shooting and throwing bombs at you. Very soon you realize it is a wound, all right. It is cold and wet and clammy, and is feeling sore. You look round to see what has happened to the others. Only two or three have arrived. Are they coming? You wait. No signs of them. Your Subadar is near you; he has followed you in the rush. The rest have been stopped. "What's happened, Subadar Sahib? Where are the others?" "I don't know, Sahib; they haven't come." "Subadar Sahib, I'm hit." "So am I, Sahib," comes the answer. "We can't take the trench alone, Subadar Sahib, so we'd better try and get back out of it." You crawl back and away, being shot at all the time, wondering vaguely why they don't hit you. After what seems an eternity you get back, report what has happened, and one Sepoy is told off to help the two wounded officers back. The communication-trench is full of men; to struggle past them means too much pain. You decide to chance the bullets and keep to the open. It is a slow, long walk, a thousand yards at snail's pace. You realize you are lucky there are no bones broken, but you wonder to what extent it is possible to bleed. The Subadar says he is only slightly wounded, too, but you are conscious that he is very

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depressed. He maintains he is in no pain, but he has lost his air of quiet confidence. Suddenly the reason comes to you. His faith has been shaken; he is a devout Mohammedan, and has without ostentation told you that very afternoon that he will not be hit—"for these things are in the light of God." You realize now why he is upset. His faith is the faith of one who imagines much prayer will make him invulnerable, and at the moment he is shocked. Later he will reason it all out and regain his inward peace. And so you struggle on through the night till you reach the village where the billets are (for it is midnight or later—everything happens at night in modern war). Arrived at the cottages, you go into the room where the first little beam of light comes from. "Where is the first-aid post?" you inquire. "Second turn on the left, about two hundred kilometers off." Off staggers the trio into the darkness again. Eventually a kind officer to whom you confide you are wounded pilots you through the intricacies of a farm-house, and there, in one of the minor rooms, is the doctor busy bandaging a crowd of Sepoys. There is a small fire in an outer room, and here, cowering over it, is a British officer. He seems to be bandaged everywhere. Presently you discover it is the gallant Sapper who went to the trenches to boost the Germans out. Unfortunately the Germans got the first hit. Poor fellow! he is very plucky. He tells you with quiet humor he is not badly hurt anywhere, but is hurt more or less everywhere. This you see from the bandages—on hands, feet, and head; he is waiting for a stretcher to take him to one of the wagons. In comes the doctor: "Well, where are you hit?" You tell him, and proceed to remove your equipment. The doctor ruthlessly applies scissors to the tails of your shirt; it goes to your heart—you have but one other. Then comes the examination, for which the Sapper at the fire wakes up and takes interest. "Here, you see, is where it went in, and here it came out," the doctor remarks. "Just missed the hip-bone," says the Sapper, adding, "It's made a bit of a hole." Eventually the first-aid bandage is applied. Next comes the Subadar, who, it appears, has a slight wound through the inner part of the thigh. This is also bandaged, and again we sally forth into the night, with hazy directions as to the whereabouts of the ambulance-wagons. Another crawl for a half-mile or more. One is beginning to feel faint and wonder how much longer it will be possible to walk. Stray bullets keep coming up the road. These stray bullets have followed you throughout your wanderings, and you pray that

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one will not find you just at the end of your goal. At last you come upon the wagons standing in the road. You ask for an officer, and are directed to a house. On entering, you find it is the temporary mess of some reinforcements put up to relieve the troops in the trenches. Among them you find some old friends that you did not know were even in the country. When they hear you are wounded, rum and hot water are immediately offered and accepted. The drink puts new life into you. Three or four real Egyptian cigarettes are pressed on you, and you are taken to the medical officer in charge of the wagons. Here you and your Subadar are parted, for he has to be conveyed to the Indian portion of the field ambulance. A seat is found for you in one of the wagons, which will start when full—luckily the wait is not longer. You are helped up into the wagon and feel your way in darkness to the farther end and sit down; this you find a painful operation. Then commences the long drive in. That drive will never fade from your memory. The wagon is a heavy concern, drawn at a slow walk by two heavy horses that keep slipping on the frosty road. It is bitterly cold and utterly dark as you creak along a road full of filled-in "Jack Johnson" holes. How long it takes to cover that three miles of road you cannot tell, but it feels a century. Each bump gives you a painful jar and makes your heart ache for the other poor fellows lying silently in the stretchers, of whom you caught a glimpse as you came in. Soon you are conscious of some one sitting opposite you breathing through his mouth and giving a little sigh occasionally. Presently a hand touches your own; you close on it and give it a little squeeze. "Where are we?" says a gentle little voice in broad Scotch. "It's all right, laddie; we are in the ambulance-wagon." There is a long pause. "You an officer?" "Yes." Long pause. "You wounded?" "Yes." Long pause. "I'm in the Black Watch. The officer took my name. I lost my head and got among the Germans." "You badly hurt?" "No; but I can't see." The voice is very faint and indistinct. It dies away, and one doesn't care to fatigue the sufferer by asking questions. After another long pause the voice continues, painfully. The three things it harps on are the fact that he lost his head and got in among the Germans alone, that his name was taken, and that he can't see because his eyes are bandaged. You try and cheer him up and tell him not to worry, that it will be all right now. He relapses into silence for a while, and then painfully goes over those three points again, adding, "It was a bomb that done it."

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At last the long, painful drive comes to an end. The field ambulance, situated in a beautiful French château, is reached and you are taken through the inviting gates into light and warmth. It is a busy night—the busiest they have had. As you enter the ward you are directed to, you feel a sudden sickness and faintness; you are helped to a chair by the fire and given some warm milk. That warm milk is the best drink you have tasted in your life. The room stops going round and you recognize opposite you with surprise a brother officer in your regiment. You discover he was hit about the same time as you, in a different part of the line, and found his way back by another route. Seated near him is a wounded German prisoner. His arm is in a sling, but he seems blissfully content. You question him. He turns out to be an Alsatian. He will not admit to being glad at his capture, but his whole appearance gives his answer the lie—he is one smile all over. You await your turn for dressing in the room crowded with wounded lying on stretchers; the dressing is being done in adjoining rooms, and you anticipate the groans and cries of victims. This you find is another fallacy. Never a groan or cry reaches your ears. The perfect silence of the sufferers is perhaps more horrible than anything. Your turn comes; you are bandaged in a corner. The place is full of cases being bandaged, while on the table in the center you see your Sapper friend being prodded about for pieces of bomb; in absolute silence he lies through the ordeal. You are bandaged, and shown into the officers' mess to wait. Here you find all the less-severe cases also waiting. To-night is a busy night, and the overflow is shown to the mess. Here you sit from three till nine. The sitting position is a kind of refined torture, but the warmth and peace and quiet is just heaven compared to the strain and noise of where you have come from. Nothing can exceed the thoughtfulness and kindness of the surgeons; busy and overworked as they are, they still dash in for a moment to see if you are all right; give you a coat, a blanket; throw more wood on the fire; help you with a pillow or offer you a cigarette. Such attention and kindness you never expected from any but a woman. The gentleness, kindness, and thoughtfulness of the medical officer, whom you had hitherto always regarded as callous and hardened, comes to you as a wonderful surprise. At 9 A.M. you are "evacuated" —this means "moved on." Motors arrive, and you are slid in on stretchers and buzz off to the clearing hospital eight miles off. Here you are taken in and wait on the stretcher till your

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train is ready. Again you are impressed by the kindness of the medical staff. Food and drink is provided for you; the memory of that cold tinned chicken and glass of champagne will never leave you. It is your first meal in twenty-four hours, excepting some bread and jam that was the only food available in the field ambulance. Your attention is drawn to the case alongside you—he has his left arm bandaged and another bandage over his eyes and nose; his right hand is black with congealed blood and mud, as is his mouth and chin. You recognize that breathing through the mouth, and every now and again that little sigh. This is confirmed presently by the slow, gentle voice with its Scotch accent; he is answering the doctor's question: "I don't think I'm badly hurt, but I can't see." Later he repeats the three things on his mind. The doctor cannot understand him, and you explain. Then he is comforted, told where he is, and that it will soon be all right. You ask the staff what is going to become of you. The answer is, "Train to Boulogne and then home, probably." The idea of home gives you a wild delight; you cannot believe it; it is too good to be true. You understand that the final decision rests with the officer at Boulogne. How you pray that his decision may be favorable to you! In a few hours the train is there. Again you are packed in the motors and taken off. Not a little amusing is the anxiety and troubles that occur over the poor remnants called kit that accompany officers. One is clasping a sword and cap. Another is anxiously inquiring after a revolver and "Sam Browne" that have gone astray. A third has a massive valise that always gives trouble, as it has no name on it and has to be described at every change. The description is, "It was green, but is very old and has given way at the right side, which is tied up with string." Various officers, nurses, and orderlies go in search, each murmuring to himself, "It was green, but is very old, etc., etc." Arrived at the station, your stretcher is raised and pushed through the window of the compartment; it is a difficult operation, but the hospital orderlies and stretcher-bearers regard it as a point of honor that the patient is not to be jarred or jolted. The care with which they handle the wounded is beyond praise, and it is marked everywhere. Once in the train you are told that you can settle down. It is 3 P. M., and you understand you will arrive at Boulogne at 8 A. M. The luxury of the train is such contrast to life in the trenches that it feels like heaven. Orderlies spend their time up and down the corridor attending to the wants of the wounded. You are

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presented with a pair of slippers, a tooth-brush and comb, and a packet of cigarettes. What more could the heart of man desire? You are offered pajamas, but the thought of changing your clothes presents an ordeal that you put off till to-morrow. You doze, and are awakened for tea: it's delicious. Again you settle down until dinner. "What will you drink?" asks the orderly. "What can I have?" you reply. "Would you like a whiskey-and-soda?" You nearly spring out of your berth at the joyful words, and when he finally produces a real whiskey-and-soda you gaze at it fondly and sip it as though it were nectar. Thoroughly happy and contented with your meal and your surroundings, you settle down to a real good sleep. Here you meet with your first big disappointment. Every time you doze off some one comes and tells you the Germans are advancing and you must get your men out and dig. You expostulate that you are wounded, that the men are also wounded, and that you don't know where your men are, and in any case neither you nor they are fit to dig. It is all of no avail—you've got to turn out and dig support-trenches, wounded or not. You prepare to get up and the pain brings you to wakeful consciousness. So you settle down and presently doze off again, but the nightmare follows you through the night and leaves you with an oppression long into the day. On arrival at Boulogne another disappointment awaits you. A train of wounded has just short-headed you, so you are turned round and sent off to Havre. The journey is painfully slow, but the hardest thing to bear is that the decision of your fate as regards home has been postponed. All through the day you travel; it is a glorious day, and you revel in the beautiful scenery, finding it difficult to realize that this gorgeous country is being ravaged by war. The only disturber of your peace and boredom is the engine-driver. At intervals during the day he finds it necessary to bring the train to an instant standstill. The jolts nearly fling you off your bunk, and must have opened every wound on the train. If one could have got hold of the offender one would gladly have cut his throat with a very blunt knife. At midnight Havre is reached, and here the sitters and the stretcher cases are separated—the sitters, or cases that can sit up—stay at the Gare, while we of the stretchers are taken to the officers' hospital. Up the stairs and to the left; you suggest walking up, but are sternly rebuked and carried. Once in the ward, you are undressed, supplied with pajamas, and put to bed. In come two orderlies who proceed to wash you all over; it is a weird

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operation, performed piecemeal between two blankets, but is most comforting and refreshing. Then follow tea and biscuits, after which you try to sleep, but are again worried by German attacks and digging trenches. Next day you find you have come under petticoat rule, for beautiful nurses surround you, who attend to your every want—if you will remember to address them as "Sister" and not "Nurse"—the latter is met with cold disapproval. Being a mere soldier, some of the more personal attentions are at first not a little embarrassing. The protection of a screen does not afford the desired exclusion. Later in the morning comes the examination of the surgeon, followed by inoculation against tetanus. You await his decision breathlessly, and give a huge sigh of relief when he decides that you are bad enough for home. Three of the sitting cases are diagnosed to be well in ten days, and they are ordered to remain at Havre. Your heart bleeds for the poor fellows; they are not serious, you know; still, even three days at home with their friends and relatives would do more to buck them up and make them forget for a while the strain of the fighting than any length of time in Havre. But orders are orders, and they take the decision cheerfully like men, but one cannot but feel that it is a mistake. The next question that arises is—when will the hospital-ship be in. The *Asturias* is due at 3 P.M., they tell you; when she arrives you will go on board. She arrives at 4.30 P.M., and your departure is postponed till after breakfast next morning. You settle down for the night. After all, it is only one more day in France instead of England, but to some of the wounded who had not been home for seven or five years that extra day meant a lot. Still, there was every comfort in the hospital, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the nurses—I beg pardon, I mean the sisters. Again the night is made hideous with dreams. This time the Germans have broken through at Ypres, and Havre has to be fortified. Vainly you protest that if they have got so far, a few wounded can't dig trenches sufficient to stop them. It is no use, you must turn out and dig for your life. This continues through the night, and you are left with the firm impression in the morning that the line is broken, so much so that you can barely refrain from questioning the sisters on the point. Breakfast over, you impatiently await transit to the ship; this, however, is again postponed, and in the mean time you are got ready. Your going-away suit would bring in a fortune at a music-hall. It consists of a field-service cap, pajamas, long, white, knitted

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stockings pulled over these, black felt slippers, a muffler, coat—warm, British—and finally a sword. You carry the latter for fear of losing it. Word comes at last to start. You bid good-by to the nursing sisters, thanking them gratefully, and away to the ship, where you arrive for lunch. Here you are given a sumptuous cabin to yourself. The ship, you find, sails on the following morning, so prepare for another night of battle-dreams. At 6 A.M. the following morning you weigh anchor and start for Bonnie England. You ask the orderly if it is true that the passage takes eleven hours; he answers, in a pained voice, "No, sir, never more than nine and one-half." The dressing of your wound is enhanced by a slight feeling of *mal de mer*. But nothing matters, now you are nearly in sight of the white cliffs. At 4 P.M you reach Southampton. Here another excitement ensues—where will you be sent? One batch is ordered to Torquay. You wonder will you be sent within a day's journey from home. No. Luck is in your way—you have drawn London. But the London train is the last to go. No matter; you wait patiently till 8 P.M., then off again. This time the carriage is just one long one, crowded from end to end. There is some discussion as to whether you are a lying or a sitting patient. Seeing an empty bunk, you proceed to lie on it and then argue. Presently tea is served in blue mugs. You sip, and place it where the orderly won't see it—you do not want to hurt the man's feelings, even though he has evil designs on your stomach. You wish he could taste the tea Tommy makes in the trenches—that might shame him. Another orderly pulls up alongside your cot with pencil and paper. You know the formula by heart now. During your journey the pencil fiend has dogged your footsteps; every one remotely connected with the hospital who owns a pencil and paper has taken upon himself or herself to ask you a searching list of questions which is promptly committed to paper. Even such intimate details as your age last birthday are not omitted.

The train pulls up at Waterloo at 10.30 P.M. You find some kind friend with influence has seen your name in the list of wounded and arranged for you to be taken to a select and private hospital. Here you arrive at midnight with all your troubles ended. "When were you wounded?" they ask. You mention the date. "You've been very quick," they say. Quick! two hundred miles in five days! You can't help wondering how long the Germans would have taken.

A BRITISH OFFICER.

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ETHICS MADE IN GERMANY

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER, BISHOP OF CONNECTICUT

HALF a century ago James Russell Lowell wrote: "There seems to be, in the average German mind, an inability or a disinclination to see a thing as it really is." To-day surprise is expressed at the attitude of Americans toward this war. It is not owing to British influence. In our Civil War we owed far more to Germans than to England. In 1870 our sympathies were with Germany. But to-day there is presented a moral issue. For example, we behold put in practice the principle that might makes right. It has been deduced from the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Nietzsche, not a consistent Darwinian, yet glorified the strength that *can*. He combated a threatening contagion of pessimism, a commonplace, negative morality, and all enfeebling sentimentality. But in his "transvaluation of all values" he put on top a force to succeed which was beyond good and evil. The Christian morality which kept common people in their place was fatal to the strength of the superior man. While this fantastic philosophy was largely repudiated by scholars, its literary power won it popular vogue. It has conspicuous part in a tendency of recent German thought finding extreme expression in a revolt from Christian ideals and a reversion to the paganism from which Prussia was forcibly wrested by the Teutonic Knights late in the Middle Ages. War in itself is held to be good. Much that had promised to mitigate its ills is set aside as weakness. There are consistently carried out principles of national procedure.

The violation of the neutrality of Belgium was publicly acknowledged by the German Chancellor to be a wrong. It contravened a treaty made, be it remembered, for precisely such a juncture. It was, aside from the treaty, an unprovoked invasion of a sovereign State. It has been followed by an amazing

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disregard of principles of humanity that had become embodied in the laws of war. Yet all this finds defenders among hitherto revered teachers of ethics, who seemingly cannot, or dare not, think straight; while a leading German journalist declares, "Our might shall create a new law in Europe."

The historian Treitschke taught that "the State is power," and amenable to no higher tribunal of public opinion or international law. This doctrine finds expression in the declaration that "the State is the sole judge of the morality of its action. It is, in fact, above morality." In this twentieth century it has been held that there may be one code of morals or honor for the individual and a different one for a country. But why are not men, collectively, bound by the same principles of justice, honesty, and honor to which they owe obligation as individuals? We hear to-day of a "social conscience." Why should there not be a national character and conscience? Otherwise there is no basis of intercourse, good faith, or progress in international relations; and into those relations is intruded the morality of the card-sharper.

There is in human life something better than the natural selection of the strongest. When Huxley made the famous declaration that the ethical progress of society lay not in imitating the cosmic process, but "in combating it," there was recognition of the fact that with the appearance of man begins a new chapter, a chapter of advance in moral worth according to moral standards. This new chapter is marked by the distinction between right and wrong.

It is true that in political ethics there has been recognition of a right of conquest. That, however, baldly stated, belongs to a bygone age. It is not in accord with the present stage of Christian civilization and its standards. It has to-day to justify itself before the moral judgment of mankind and square itself with a higher law. Might alone cannot make right what is seen to be wrong. In defense of the invasion of Belgium is advanced the plea that necessity may excuse a breach of justice or of plighted word, that necessity knows no law. Necessity, let it be remembered, here means the necessity of more easily getting at France to crush her. But, whatever the necessity, the God of right is the God of nations. No necessity may transcend the law of right, no other "must" ever take precedence of the "must" meaning ought.

This "ought," I owe it, this sense of something due and obligatory, I am not seeking to explain. Howsoever it got

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there, there it is, a fact fronting human nature, the imperative authority of right. Might may defend right, as it may assail it. As it may crush it, so it may vindicate and establish right. When all is said, however, there remains a sense of right as distinct from might, right that may defy might and persistently survive the utmost triumph of might. This it is which supremely dignifies and glorifies human nature, whether it be one man or a nation, martyred Stephen or murdered Belgium.

This ethical conviction is near akin to a sense of honor.

> Say, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest sense
> Of justice which the human mind can frame.

In this high meaning there must yet be honor among nations. Fidelity to plighted word, due regard for the rights of other States, great and small, a decent respect for the general sentiment of mankind on behalf of fair dealing—these a nation cannot afford to ignore. Significant, in the Dublin speech of the British Prime Minister, was his reference to words of Gladstone: "The enthronement of public right as the governing idea of European politics"—public right as the governing idea of world politics. That would mean an end not only of war, but of suspicion and secret intrigue. It would mean peace, because it would mean good-will. It would mean the prevalence among nations of the old-fashioned principles of morality with a new and higher interpretation. Only such principles, after all, will really work.

Germany in recent decades has set up an ideal of social efficiency, and in thoroughness of organization has to a marvelous degree realized it. It has been, however, at a tremendous cost in things held dear by a large part of mankind. This efficiently socialized civilization is, it is claimed, far superior to other types. This superior civilization Germans, many of them in an honest conviction of lofty mission, propose to extend elsewhere over the earth and to impose it by force.

To the rest of us this vaunted type of civilization, mighty though it be, and largely because of its might, seems something intolerable. It is in our eyes a civilization organized and socialized at the expense of the personal, the spiritual, and ethical. It is a mechanical excellence wherein certain higher things seem wanting. We can see what Eucken himself last year described therein as "soul-lessness." We have seen something of its working and its fruits; and thereby it is not commended to us. It defies what we feel to be sacred principles of humanity and freedom and righteousness. It disregards the rights of others.

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It crushes and tramples upon the weak and defenseless. It reveals an evident moral deterioration.

Moreover, with all its advantages, it has not proved a success. In the supreme test of a great crisis it has broken down. It has worked with mechanical precision in details; but in the great aims and issues it has failed, because of its lack of finer quality, of moral force and insight. A Government that yields itself to dishonor fails to take account of the sentiment of honor that may thrill other nations to be reckoned with. Confounding honor with hypocrisy, confusing right with might, subordinating the better instincts of human nature to brute force, its code, as practically carried out in shamelessly brutal procedure, looks like a doctrine of devils.

This yielding to the temptation of power, this obsession by a new Cæsarism, this perversion of a people by a pervasive military despotism, this lapse of a great nation and collapse of its high faith and ideals, will, I am persuaded, stand as the signal tragedy of history. We seem to go back to an elder day; we hear the stern lines of Æschylus, after Salamis and its victory for the higher hopes of humanity:

> Those silent heaps of dead abide to show
> Children of children's children that a man
> Should have no thoughts that are too high for men.
> Always presumption blossoms and the fruit
> Is doom, and all the harvest only tears.

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

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THE PLAYS OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It is a matter of seven or eight years since Mr. Lawrence Irving persuaded me, much unwilling, to come and see a play by a French author which he thought uncommonly good, and which he and his excellent company did uncommonly well. He called it "The Incubus," but the author had called it "*Les Hannetons*," and I thought it immensely amusing. Amusing is not the word for "*Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*" (literally translated for our public), but still I do not know that I felt all the author's tragical force when I saw it played by the same admirable artists. A sense of his far reach came to me when again, after years, I saw in London his mighty homily, "*La Foi*," or, as they called it there, "False Gods."

Of course I am talking of the work of Eugène Brieux, which I have been acquainting myself with during the past fortnight almost exhaustively—that is, out of his twenty-two pieces I have read fourteen, besides the three I have seen played. I call this rather a large preparation for an intending critic; but I do not despair of reading the other six plays, possibly before I shall have finished writing this paper.

I suppose we must concede something to the stage as a means of setting forth the drama. The Greeks seemed to like it, and the Elizabethans used it almost to forgetfulness of the written plays, or at least the fact of their authorship. But with a really good play one really does not need the stage, or at least need it, so to speak, necessitously. It is a luxury, it is perhaps a superfluity of naughtiness; I grant that in the case of Pantomime, or that young daughter of Pantomime, the Movie, it is a valuable adjunct to the printed text; but I have somehow not missed it in my acquaintances with dramatists generally, and especially with the greatest of all dramatists, Shakespeare. That is, not having it, I have got on without it; and I have a passion for reading plays which seems to grow

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upon me at the time of life when one hates to go out after dinner to the theater. If the theater would come to me, very well, I would not refuse its help in the interpretation of a dramatist; but I can get on without it; and if it insists, it must give me a seat on the center aisle of the orchestra, not farther than eight rows back. Then I can make pretty sure of a pleasure comparable to that I have had in reading the plays of Shakespeare, of Alfieri, of Goldoni, of Sheridan, of Ibsen, of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, of Chekoff, of M. Maeterlinck, and now lastly of M. Eugène Brieux, not to name a score of others. In my arm-chair at home I do not have to suffer any waits between the acts; nobody crushes across my knees coming in or going out, or makes me rise to let him by; there are no draughts; I have no anxiety as to the hat of the lady in front of me, whether I shall have the courage to ask her to take it off if she forgets to do so. The dramatist has not me at his mercy, but I have him at mine, and I can shut him off, or up, at an instant's notice. Some might suppose that I was saying all this in the interest of readers who have no theater to represent the drama to them, or of authors who cannot get their plays on the stage; and there is a good deal of force in the supposition. But I am sure that I have never once had the impulse to shut M. Brieux off or up except in the instance of that most terrible tragedy, "*Les Avariés*," which was played here as "Damaged Goods," a very vulgar misnomer. I used to bear anything in literature, if only it was true, but in my old age I have to draw the line, and "*Les Avariés*" was of a terribleness which left it on the thither side of the frontier fixed by my nerves. The other plays I have had the fortitude for seeing through to the bitter end, whether I saw them on the stage or in the theater which "rose like an exhalation" from the printed page. The end of them is mostly bitter, as the end of most fables or histories must be where the final moral does not report itself "beyond these noises where is peace." Which of the pieces shall I speak of first? They are all alike in the intention to "see life steadily and see it whole" as a lesson for right living; but there is nothing in serious literature less directly didactic than these mercifully unsparing pictures of the thing as it is. Not by their counsel, but by their texture, which is that of experience, they protest against this or that evil of French life which has its analogue in every civilization. The terms of the life are French, but there are corresponding terms in the potentiality of American life if not in its actual conditioning. In the last analysis we are

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human beings with the same inhuman impulse to oppress and deceive and enslave other human beings; but beyond this I shall not try to make the analogy appear.

Perhaps the play where the analogy is most apparent is that sardonic tragedy of "*L'Engrenage*," the "Cog-Wheel," in which like effects of the democracy of both civilizations, not yet ultimated in economic equality, relentlessly clutch their prey. That is in some sort the scheme of Mr. Brand Whitlock's as yet incomparable political novel, *The Thirteenth District;* but in the novel the cause of the effect is in the crude ambition of that common politician, who becomes far more squalidly corrupt and degraded than the Frenchman whose tragedy begins in his renunciation of political ambition. It is by an ecstasy of irony that the cogs begin to clutch him in the very instant of his protest when the "supporter" who is dragging him on commits him to a pledge in favor of the measure which he most abhors as economically immoral. They never loose their hold of him till they drop him, bewildered, baffled, dishonored, after a year's experience as deputy, still an honest soul, but utterly defeated in his high purposes by the constituents whose good he wished to devote himself to, but who on their part only wished to use him for their own selfish ends. He becomes the victim of a sort of Crédit Mobilier enterprise, but he alone of all who have innocently or guiltily taken the promoter's checks comes out in print and publicly confesses his act and denounces the scheme which has entrapped him. His reward comes when the mob passes under his windows with the cry of "Rémoussin the Thief! Rémoussin the Thief! Resign!" The irony is very bitter; it is gall and wormwood in the mouth; but it is wholesome, and the lesson is not so much civic as personal; it does not so fully teach the hopelessness of the democratic system as it shows the helplessness of character which does not defend itself against the perversities of fate by the steadfastness wanting in Rémoussin.

In all his plays M. Brieux makes you think at first that he is mainly concerned with the social, political, or moral problem which he has taken for the basis of his action; but he has not done with you before he has made you feel that it is the nature, the character, of this or that man or woman which has finally interested him, and this, whether he will or not, finally interests you. One might specify *La petite Amie* as the exception which proves this rule. It is a protest against that terrible persistence of the Roman *paterfamilias* in French law

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and custom by which a father may forbid the marriage of his son, and it is this abominable despotism which the dramatist wishes to bring in dishonor to destruction; but, after all, he leaves one thinking of the characteristics of the poor young pair who go out to drown themselves in their despair, rather than of the abominable power of the father who forces them to their doom. The young people have been living together unmarried because he would not consent to their marriage; their last hope of living at all is taken away when the father interferes to prevent the son's getting some small government employ because the young man is not married to the woman he is living with. The father is not a bad man beyond the average; to be sure, he had tried himself to make love to the girl before she goes to his son, though he bears her no malice for escaping him; only he wishes his son to make a marriage which will advance him in their bourgeois world and enhance their common respectability by means of the bride's *dot*. He is not overdone, neither he nor his wife, who, struggling still, still conforms to his will and to the law which is with him. Even the son's wife, wife in everything but marriage because marriage is impossible, is not idealized, not romanced. She is painted with admirable restraint, and she remains with the reader a presence of goodness, of tenderness, of courage, of despair. Say the situation is very French and you say something to be ashamed of unless you add that it is helplessly French. Here is nothing of the evil allure of the illicit, which it is the disgrace of the French romancers to have thrown about love gone wrong; in this grave, sad, dreadful instance appears the seriousness which is the characteristic of the French rather than the insensate gaiety of an unmoral civilization.

In this, as in his other plays, the author is always saying a good, brave, generous word for women. He recognizes their better motives, their unselfish devotion, their heroic bravery. In such a piece as "*Les Remplaçantes*" (those "substitutes" in the maternal function which the bourgeois mothers in cities forbid themselves, or are forbidden by their denatured lives), a peasant mother is forced to become a wet-nurse by the environment of a village devoted to the production of wet-nurses, and by the greed of her husband and his father, to leave her baby and go to foster another woman's child in Paris; but even with such a poor, humble, hungering creature as this the dramatist does not fail in the honor and the pity due her womanhood. He paints her pure mother hallowed by the instinct

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which lust and vice makes so foul in men, and he makes the heart glow at her truth to herself. The play is, more than the rest, a study of conditions. Not that it is not also a study of nature and character; the author cannot help making his plays always that; the people of the wet-nurse-producing village are real people, men and women, old and young; they are not merely figures in a polemic; the wet-nurse broker, a truly diabolical personage, is not an abstraction, he is entirely concrete; and the women of the bourgeois world of Paris, who demand the nurses for their convenience or their necessity, are each, though more slightly sketched, portraits and not merely composite pictures. If they prefer *filles-mères* for their children, it is because these are less likely to pine for their own little ones, and not with any notion of countenancing immorality. They would perhaps even feel the moral of the piece immoral, since it seems to teach that women who cannot nurse their children have no right to be mothers. That is indeed a hard saying, but the lesson of the play is directed to those who will not rather than those who cannot. What is safely to be said in the matter is that the same amount of wholesome work, honest work of the hand, would solve the problem for the women of the city as it does for the women of the village. Perhaps this is what M. Brieux means to imply.

It is not so easy to tell what a dramatist means as what a novelist means. That is one reason for dramatists forbearing the use of problems in plots. The novelist may (if he is an inartistic novelist, especially) go inside of his characters or behind them and push them the way he would have them go, or tell what they think and what they feel, and explain their circumstance to the last detail; but the dramatist, having got his people on their legs, has to let them do their own walking and talking, with the help of a few sign-board suggestions in the way of stage directions. If the spectator does not understand what they are after from what they say and do, or perhaps look, there is no help for him, when the dramatist is an artist and is truly on his job. But if he has produced a considerable body of drama, as M. Brieux has, there is no difficulty in knowing what he is after. M. Brieux is unmistakably after liberty, after keeping one man's will off another man's life, after kindness, after making you put yourself in your neighbor's place, after bringing things home to you, after making you feel how it is yourself. He is accused of writing plays with a purpose, and I should not be surprised if one found him guilty. Of

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course he writes plays with a purpose, as every dramatist has done from the beginning, unless he has the soul of a clown or a mountebank, merely. They are all like that, the good dramatists of our time, of every time that was not a rotten time. Mr. Pinero writes plays with a purpose, Sir Henry Arthur Jones does, Mr. Shaw does, Sir James Barrie does, Ibsen did (mostly the purpose of making you see what you are about even if you could not see what he was), Björnson did, Herr Hauptmann does, Herr Sudermann does. They have no scruple in luring you to the theater and then letting you realize that you are as in a church, under a machine-gun fire of homilies from a pulpit that calls itself a stage. You may say it is a fraud, that you supposed you were coming to a musical comedy, but you ought to have known who was asking you. The only question is whether the dramatist has hunted up his purpose or his purpose has hunted up him. In M. Brieux's case I should say the purpose had hunted up him. For me it is not imaginable that he frequented the law-courts in pursuit of a subject such as overtook him in "*La Robe Rouge*": that dolorous tragedy was not the prey of a muck-raker, and neither was "*Maternité*" or "*L'Évasion*" or "*Les Bienfaiteurs*" or "*La Foi.*" But a man deeply concerned, humanly concerned in life, and avidly eager to show it as he sees it, goes about the world in a wireless apparatus where every fact and aspect of life catches and trembles and burns to report itself to his hearers and beholders. If he is of the dramatist's make, his report is a play with a purpose, for every fact and aspect of life throbs with purpose, with the longing to impart its meaning. But why do I bother to defend the play with a purpose. The "only Shakespeare" wrote plays with a purpose, as "Macbeth," for instance, or "Hamlet," or "Richard II." and several others.

The primal purpose of a play is to illustrate life or to reproduce it. This done, the secondary, or moral, purposes fulfil themselves — that is, they teach, they impart the convictions of the dramatist if he has any, and if he has none he is no dramatist, but a contriver of emotional acts analogous to the feats of the trapeze or of ground-and-lofty tumbling. The trouble with M. Brieux, in the minds of those who have not much mind, is that he has so many convictions and that he has so little hesitation in declaring them. He has convictions as to courts of law very like those of Tolstoy, who will not allow that there is a public personality separable from the private personality, and holds that it is impossible for justice to come

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pure through the dirty souls of some who administer the statutes. He has convictions as to the comparative guilt of those who bring into the world children whom they cannot nurture and those who criminally prevent them. He has convictions as to the futility of organized charity and of the democratic means of representative government. He has convictions concerning the subterfuges of medical science. He has very powerful convictions of the wickedness of the paternal control in the French family. He has horribly drastic convictions of the sin and shame which sexual vice entails upon the innocent. He has all these convictions, and others which he expresses with unsparing frankness but with perfect scientific decency. If any one went to his drama with hope of having his filthy soul tickled by the management of these intimate subjects, he would be entirely disappointed. Not for a moment is there lewd suggestion, an obscene glance; and the plain speaking, the awfully plain speaking, is worlds aloof from the sort of thing which we have been accustomed to call French. There is a splendid disdain of all this which ought to instruct a civilization averse from the material so boldly handled.

I am not going to shrivel my polite page by giving an illustration of what I mean by passages from the plays. But I will say that there are some things in them almost as naked as some things in the Bible. I will not claim that they are of the same religious intention, but I have no doubt, from the things themselves, of their moral intention. I suspect from the allegory of "*La Foi*," in which the author paints the effect of the world-old superstitions of Egypt, that he is not of a theological or ecclesiastical bias in his way of thinking. But I could not honestly call him irreligious, if religion means the will for a better life here, whether in order to a better life hereafter or not. I do not say that all the convictions of M. Brieux are just; that would leave me in the attitude of his advocate rather than his judge, which I set out to be. But I do believe that he most powerfully holds them to be right. A great quality, I will even say a great charm, of the man is his ever-apparent honesty. I cannot make out that there is any straining for effect, any lying, even in a good cause, or for the purpose of enforcing a principle; there is no doing evil that good may come, in him; and so far one may safely say he is not a Jesuit; not that I think Jesuits are invariably or altogether bad.

It seems to me one of M. Brieux's happy fortuities that he started in life as the son of a workingman, and that for a number

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of years he worked himself at his father's trade of carpenter. From the carpenter's bench to a chair in the French Academy was not an immediate step. In fact, he had first to study at night, to read whenever he could, to write when he must, to become a journalist, and then a playwright. "He bought books," says the somewhat emotional M. Adrien Bertrand's sketch of his life and letters—"he bought books and devoured them; his first readings were *Atala* and *René, Scenes of Bohemian Life* and *Faust*. The heroes of Murger, and all their independence, their hatred of the bourgeoisie, and all their hardships; these two masterpieces, *Atala* and *René*, the psychology of the love romance; and *Faust*, with its dizzying depth, its eternal struggle of Good and Evil—these were the first germs chance-sown in the brain of the boy. And naturally in the bold imagination of the young apprentice boiled a thousand confused ideas, the desire to create literature, the need of expressing what he felt throbbing within him."

It was not till he was thirty-four that his first play, the "*Ménages d'Artists*," was accepted at the Théâtre Libre in 1892. By that time the "thousand confused ideas" boiling within him had simmered down to a quiet surface in which life mirrored itself. His tremendous appeal to a past not less remote than Egypt in his "False Gods" for help against superstition in all times is, so far as I know, his only turning from his own time and place in the subjects of his drama. Otherwise it has only and always to do with the actual life of France. Mostly it has to do with the life of the French bourgeoisie, but sometimes with the life of the workman; and I think it very notable that in his whole drama there is not one person of title. Of course, titles do not count for much in France except with the American colonists at Paris, but when we reflect that M. Brieux has got on perfectly without once employing a M. le Marquis or a Mme. la Comtesse we must conclude either that he has an inveterate prejudice against the *noblesse* or else that the notion of nobility no longer strikes the French imagination. This, indeed, is what some observers of French life tell us, who say that democracy has gone much farther and deeper there than here. In contrast with the titlelessness of M. Brieux's plays it is amusing to note how the Englishmen, the best of them, cannot get through a play without the help of the nobility and gentry in some form. Mr. Pinero cannot, Sir James Barrie cannot, Sir Henry Arthur Jones cannot; Mr. George Bernard Shaw alone can manage without. In the beginnings of our American drama (very good

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beginnings, some of them) it has been difficult almost to impossibility to bring in noblemen, but when our novelists have the chance of hallooing their fancy abroad they at once meet people of quality. M. Brieux never brings them in, and it is an immense relief. One keeps one's own commonness without shame; one is as good as anybody. It would be a mistake though, to suppose that the exclusion of people of quality works anything like the idealization of the bourgeoisie or of the working-classes. M. Brieux is far too honest a man for that; he knows his ground too well to have the heart to show it a flowery space or a well-trimmed lawn. There are good men among his bourgeoisie, and especially good women, but the average is very like the vast American average, and often the men are grossly selfish and tyrannical brutes, wild beasts of egotism and wilfulness, or, at their best, plain pigs. His poor people have the defects of their disadvantages and are oftener drunk than one would like to have them. One can best see them as he saw them in "*Les Bienfaiteurs*" and "*Les Remplaçantes,*" and no doubt (though I have not yet read those plays) the "*Ménages l'Artists*" and "*Le Résultat des Courses.*" As for the bourgeoisie, you will find its people in all the plays.

In drawing near my conclusion and application I have been asking myself which of this dramatist's plays I think the greatest, and I am going to say "*L'Engrenage,*" "*Les Bienfaiteurs,*" "*L'Évasion,*" "*La Robe Rouge,*" "*Les Remplaçantes,*" "*Maternité,*" and "*La Foi,*" and yes, of course, "*Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont,*" though I have merely seen that on the stage, where no play has really its best chance. I cannot say from my no-knowledge of French life that these studies of it are true to it, but from my knowledge of human nature as I find it in myself and in my other enemies I think they must be true. It is from this belief and from the temperament of his work everywhere that I feel his prime characteristic to be honesty. Above his natural desire for effect, for "the creation of the beautiful," he seems to feel his heart bound to the truth. He is honest, honest, honest. A man may of course be too honest, but it is a good fault, and this fault one may detect in M. Brieux. A man, especially a dramatic author, ought not to be too honest; he unfits himself to comfort the tired business man.

Except (so far as I have noted) in "*La Foi,*" where the persons are necessarily types of fanaticism, of tyranny, of servility, of self-devotion, either to blind belief or to a beneficent iconoclasm, M. Brieux seems always to deal with character.

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His people are differenced from one another as they are in the real world, and they are differenced each in themselves—that is, they are not always governed by their ruling passions. They do not wholly abandon themselves to their natural inclinations; sometimes they straighten up and lean the other way. I think this is so in all his pieces, but I should say, with due misgiving, that it was most so in "*La Déserteuse*," where the whole action is quieter than usual and the lesson is not civic or social so much as personal. The fool, for example, who gives herself up to the superstition of her histrionic genius, and leaves her husband and child to follow its lead in the bonds of a sufficiently silly liaison, and then, after years, returns to captivate the love and faith of her young daughter, is not altogether a fool nor altogether bad. She is wise enough and good enough when she is shown her advantage in leaving the girl to the stepmother whom the forsaken father has found for her in his second marriage, and she not unamiably resumes her adventure, which her business faculty promises to turn into a rather successful enterprise. All the persons of this very strong play are similarly kept in hand; none of them exceeds the bounds of common sense in the end, not even the girl infatuated with her cheaply fascinating and almost, but not quite, worthless mother.

It is admirable work, and there is such work in all of this dramatist's pieces: none is so tragical, so terrible in its meaning as to be without a saving grace, without reserves that console and convince. It is with evil and cruel conditions that M. Brieux wages unsparing war; it is on those who stand for them, when they stand for them, that he has no mercy. I feel how vain it is to try and sum up the meaning of such a man in a few words, or even many, but I venture to say the purpose of this dramatist in all his purposeful drama is to better conditions, that they who afflict by them and they who suffer in them may see the possibility of changing them.

Throughout these inadequacies I have been trying to say that when M. Brieux suffers himself to be humorous, he is delightfully humorous, but never broadly humorous; and there is a sort of heartache in his smile when he paints the defects of qualities. In this ultimately amusing mother, he paints the qualities of defects, and seems to console himself for the defects.

W. D. Howells.

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HENRI DE RÉGNIER

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

It was nearly twenty-five years ago. Mallarmé lived in the Rue de Rome, with his family, in a small flat reached by many flights of stairs. The oblong salon was correspondingly small, and almost filled by the long and narrow table. Up to this sanctuary on Tuesday evenings, when Mallarmé received his friends and disciples, there used to climb a few young men whose names are now, for the most part, well known to fame in France and some in the world. They talked, quietly, episodically, never magisterially—least of all the quietly courteous and unassuming host—perhaps of the premature death of a young poet, of the new book of another, of the technical qualities of some foreign author, of the great principle of art. As they talked they pushed up and down the table the porcelain bowl of tobacco which symbolized their host's hospitality, and was the only form of hospitality within the means of the man who was the most significant and influential figure in modern French literature. That, indeed, mattered little to those who knew and loved him. Among these one would at this time scarcely fail to miss, seated next to the host, his preferred disciple, a tall, slender young man, with long and elegant fingers, an eyeglass in his left eye which was rather weak, a drooping mustache, a powerful chin, and a general air of rather languid aristocratic distinction, a calm, correct, observant air, more suggestive, on the whole, of a young diplomat than of a man of letters—the mask, one divined, of a highly sensitive temperament.

That was a quarter of a century ago, and I have never seen Henri de Régnier again. But I have followed with interest and enjoyment the course of this rare, wayward, and delicious genius. He has not yet reached the end of that course, but he has achieved conventional success by entering the portals of the Academy—which Mallarmé, who turned over a whole new leaf in literature, never entered, and might well have disdained to

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enter—and it is perhaps not too early to speak generally of his work. It is possible to do so with the more confidence since that work, with all its subtle and even strong artistry, is at bottom the work of a child and a dreamer, unlikely to yield those new developments which may sometimes come with age to richer and robuster natures.

I think, indeed, of the genius of Régnier as a perpetual child. There is the child's fresh and unspoiled vision, noting new aspects of familiar things, sometimes the things which, one might say, no adult would notice, or at all events mention. There is the inconsequence and spontaneity of the child, obedient to its own caprices, wandering at its own will through the variegated field of the world, not even so much as seeing the things which fail to interest it. There is, again, the child's innocence of morals, no deliberate immorality indeed, and a delicate horror of grossness save when it fascinates by its strangeness, yet sometimes a certain mischievousness and even a touch of delightful impertinence. In all these ways the genius of Régnier is a child, a child who is at the same time a conscious, deliberate, and highly accomplished artist.

If the spirit of Régnier's genius is a child's spirit, his inspiring muse is certainly an Undine. There are few things that so mark the true child as the love of water. All his life, one can well believe, the visionary muse that has beckoned Henri de Régnier through the world is a creature of fountains and streams, a wayward and lovely Undine who has scarcely yet acquired a soul. All the forms of water in nature are beautiful to this poet, and he has not even disdained its physiological manifestations; he has never been unfaithful to Undine. The seashore and the river, lake and ponds, springs and fountains, and the basins they fall into, beautiful vases and glasses for water or for wine, mirrors that are like still pools—all these things and the like, and many others in which the charm of water in the world is more elusively presented, pass before us in the pages of Régnier, alike in his poems and his novels, and always with a fresh touch of poetry or observation to make them delightful. The places of which he has written most, and most lovingly, are the places of waters, and among cities, especially Versailles and Venice. To Versailles he has been very strongly attracted from an early age. It appears again and again in his novels, and he has devoted to it at least one series of poems, "*La Cité des Eaux*. They are, indeed, scarcely among his happiest poems, for though he knows how to seize the more exquisite aspects of

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Versailles, he is not quite able to suppress that dreary and pompous conventionality which is too obvious for most of us; for Régnier, clearly, Versailles has its supreme charm as the background of that ancient life which he loves to evoke with so intimate a sympathy, and even in realizing this aspect of Versailles he has never been so happy—the remark has been made before—as Musset, certainly attempting less, in the unforgetable stanzas *"Sur Trois Marches de Marbre Rose."* Venice is the city of waters which has in more recent years taken the first place in Régnier's affections, and what he has written of Venice is always and altogether happy, sometimes among his most exquisite work. Many poets have written of Venice, but few have been more temperamentally fitted to appreciate her beauty. There is only one form of water which is repugnant to Régnier, and that is rain. He takes, indeed, an interest in rain, but it is a purely malevolent interest. He regards it as a chastisement, and views it with disgust, distress, and revolt. He has written an essay on *"Jours de Pluie,"* one of the most important subjects, he declares, that any one can write about. But "just as rain has always seemed vexatious to me, so water has always appeared beautiful," and even his anathema of rain becomes a pæan in praise of water.

The love of all forms of water which runs through the whole of Régnier's work is the chief and most distinctive element in a wider affinity for all the sylvan aspects of nature, for woods and for gardens, for flowers and for fruits. Fruits—especially grapes and peaches and pears — play an unusual part in Régnier's work and are described with a rare love and felicity, wherein, again, we may see the child in this poet. One recalls, for instance, the Abbé Hubertet, who especially loved the season of autumn, and not least because it was the season of pears, which, with their slowly developed maturity and beautiful individuality, filled that season for him with delicious surprises. Very notably fruit plays a symbolic part in Régnier's work. The beauty of a fruit has for him almost the beauty of a woman, and he notes it with almost as delicate and tender an appreciation. It is, therefore, meet to be the symbol of a woman's offer of herself, a temptation playful or serious, as was long ago dimly realized when Eve was represented as offering sin to Adam symbolized as a fruit. In Régnier's work it is the grape which fills this place. In the tragic comedy of M. de Galandot's life, narrated in *La Double Maîtresse,* the offer of love in youth and again in age is flung to him with a grape. To the timid boy the

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challenge of his charming cousin came in vain; forty years later the same challenge came once more, and this time it made M. de Galandot a hopeless slave to an insolent Roman girl of the gutter.

Autumn, especially September, is, with April—and before April—the season which Régnier peculiarly loves. It would often appear, indeed, that there are only these two months in his year. He is drawn to the things which move gaily with light feet over the threshold of life in the dawn, and still more to the things which in mellow maturity move toward the twilight, tender and melancholy, exuberant and somber, beautiful with a beauty which is heightened because it is fleeting. These things become habitually imaged to the poet's eye as sylvans and nymphs, centaurs and centauresses, fauns of the rivers and satyrs of the sea. For him such figures are not classical conventions, but fresh emanations from living nature and yet mixed with humanity. The siren whom he sings of in *Aréthuse* has the form of a woman, and the seaweed is in her hair, and the moss on her flesh, and the odor of all the forest in her breath, and the fountains in her eyes, and the bees in her laughter, and beneath the touch she is a wave which slowly swells and never breaks into foam. These figures which he has evoked, a whirlwind of the forces of nature, dance madly around the artist—as he has himself told in one of the finest of his poems, "*Le Vase*"—and gravely he takes up his chisel and reproduces them in a spiral around the great marble vase he carves for idle spectators to gaze at. The spectators do not know that it is himself he has put into his work.

Henri de Régnier was born nearly fifty years ago at Honfleur, the little old town at the mouth of the Seine which probably lingers chiefly in the memory of those who have visited it for the sake of its fascinating little Norman museum and the homely charm of its ancient wooden church; rather a decayed town nowadays, it looks lazily across from its quays toward the dreary upstart city of Havre, which has more than replaced it in the world. Here the poet's father was an official in the custom-house. Both father and mother, neither of Normandy, were of anciently noble stock, one from Picardy and the other from Burgundy, and this fact has not been without influence in determining the personality of the poet and especially the novelist who has so often recreated the atmosphere of the days when his forefathers were brilliant soldiers. The early life of the sensitive and rather nervous child at Honfleur is brought

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before us in "*Le Trèfle Blanc.*" He was still a child when the family removed to Paris, where he passed through the usual school and college career, more brilliantly than Georges Dolonne, whose educational and sentimental experiences are described in *Les Vacances d'un Jeune Homme Sage.* Young Régnier was intended for the diplomatic service, and for a short time he was in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. But his literary vocation soon affirmed itself, and diplomacy was abandoned. At an early age he had begun to write verse, very accomplished verse from the first, rich, jeweled, exotic, and complex. His early admirations were largely for Hugo and Sully-Prudhomme. But the first was too strident to accord with his refinement, and the second too tamely correct for his vagrant freedom. Régnier exhibited a feminine receptivity to the manifold inspiring poetic forces of his time. But the artist in him has always possessed a delicate plastic strength to mold this sensibility and to hold it aloof from alien disturbance. All the various influences he underwent in his developmental period were fitted to aid his own personal temperament. He fell under the influence of Mallarmé and Verlaine, and his verse soon became simpler, more variously musical, more intimately personal in its spirit. A little later he began to know Edmond de Goncourt, the real discoverer of the art of the eighteenth century, which to Régnier also is "*l'époque délicieuse,*" and in the last volume of the *Journal* Goncourt often refers to his young friend and his "conversation full of charming images and acute remarks and delicate ironies." He also became intimate with Hérédia, the great master of the sonnet, whose artistic perfection could not fail to attract and influence the younger poet; in 1896, moreover, Régnier married Hérédia's daughter, Marie, herself a writer of verse and stories under the name of Gérard d'Houville, and to her Régnier has dedicated several of his best novels and many of his poems. In the mean while he was beginning to attract the attention and the applause of a wider public, not only through his poems, but by his *contes*, and later by his novels, of which since 1900 he has published nine. He lives quietly, it is said, partly in Paris, partly in the country, and, as his writings show, he has traveled considerably. He may be said to have shown a fine artist's taste in his selection of sites and cities to visit. He loves the old Cities of Dreams, which are also usually the Cities of Waters, such as Bruges, Aix in Provence, Arles, Aigues-mortès, and, "beautiful above all," Versailles. He loves Constantinople, "the city of fountains," Corfu, New Orleans,

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Damascus, the city of fruits, and, with a love which has grown with familiarity, and found expression through novels, *contes*, essays, and poems—Venice.

Régnier is no doubt most widely known as a novelist, but he is first and last a poet. He published seven volumes of verse before any volume of prose, and the vitality of his poetic evolution is still clearly evident in the recent *Le Miroir des Heures*. It is easy to trace growth throughout. His poetic work has been divided into periods, but any such division is artificial, for there are no sharp boundary-lines. Putting aside the early work, in which, however accomplished and interesting it is, the poet has not yet attained full individuality, it may be said that Régnier's earlier manner is best represented in *Jeux Rustiques et Divins* and his later manner in *La Sandale Ailée*. In the first we see to perfection the peculiar wayward world, sylvan, pagan, and melancholy, which Régnier has created; in the second he has attained the full expression of his directly personal, lyric, and sometimes rather philosophic emotion, the mood of the stoical epicurean who declares that the truly wise man, knowing that all things are fleeting, builds upon the sand. The *Jeux Rustiques et Divins* contains the best of Régnier's poems in *vers libres*. In *Le Miroir des Heures* the note is graver, and there is even a somewhat somber reserve. In his poems it has usually been possible to divine that the poet was transforming into the forms of art—as it were, clay or marble or metal, to use his own favorite images—the emotions and moods that stirred himself, his own special vision of the world. Now, at last he declares:

> *Je ne livrerai plus aux passants du chemin*
> *La clé des beaux palais de ma mélancolie.*

At an early period in his career it was Régnier's ambition to write a novel. But with the fine judgment which has never failed him he knew that a young man is not likely to attain success in this field; his first novel was published at the age of thirty-six. In the mean while he had written many *contes*, now further increased in number and collected into three volumes: *La Canne de Jaspe*, *Les Amants Singuliers*, and *Couleur du Temps*. The earlier of these *contes*, such, for instance, as "*M. d'Amercœur*," form a transition between the poems and the novels. The atmosphere of poetry prevails even when they present some tragically dramatic situation; they are laden with rich imagery, there is a languorous or melancholy trail in

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the complicated sentences. But, as had happened with the poems, they tended to grow simpler and more direct, and the way was then opened to the novels: *La Double Maîtresse* appeared in 1900.

Although not the most skilfully achieved, *La Double Maîtresse* will remain the most curiously characteristic, as it certainly is the most elaborately wrought, of all Régnier's novels. The story is double and is told in an inverted manner, which at first seems more awkward than perhaps it really is. Within this framework we find a whole gallery of delightfully sketched persons and a long succession of gracious, piquant, and poignant scenes. Here, and in the later novels, Régnier reveals a delicate power of observation, an enjoyment of rare human types, and a fine skill in presenting them by a few strokes, with an apparently effortless ease. Most of these early novels are historical in the sense that it is not difficult to realize that they are placed in the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century. But nothing could be further from the conventional pattern of the historical novel. There are never any tedious descriptions of definitely real historical events, places, or personages; at the most but a swift momentary glimpse. They are written by one who has clearly absorbed the atmosphere of that old life with intimate love and an artist's perception, and who writes of it with the ease and simplicity of one who seems merely to be evoking his own early memories. This evocation of a picture as though it were a vision drawn from early memory, with the fragrance of personal emotion still clinging to it, is, indeed, a special element in the charm of Régnier's novels, as often of his *contes*, but in the novels it is effected with a finer ease and simplicity. There is no elaborate and self-conscious poetic prose here; we move, indeed, in the atmosphere of poetry, and at every turn we are conscious that we see the details of the story through that atmosphere. But the artist always takes care that this fact shall not be too obtrusive.

It is significant that Régnier seems to move with greater freedom and with a fuller development of his own personal qualities in the stories he places two centuries ago than in the stories of to-day. Sometimes, indeed, as in *Le Passé Vivant*, he ingeniously seeks to throw back the interest of the present into the past. But, on the whole, by what is no doubt a sound artistic instinct, when he concerns himself with modern life he at once falls into modern conventions. The special qualities of his genius are thereby obscured or dissipated. The appre-

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ciative admirer of Régnier can often only feel a very tepid interest in the sentimental or amorous stories of these elegantly commonplace modern persons. Even the vein of nonchalant libertinism running through them makes a different impression when we are no longer concerned with the wanton or fantastic persons on whom the Great Monarch had once shone in the gardens of Versailles. Yet it must be admitted that in these later novels, such as *La Flambée* and *L'Amphisbène*, Régnier is still moving on his artistic course. They grow swifter and more direct, evidently inspired by a definite ideal; the novelist, one perceives, is seeking to suppress, altogether if possible, all literary conventions, dramatic artifices, mechanical surprises, only concerned that the action of a story should be simple, supple, various, moving with ease, and always close to nature.

Régnier's novels reveal an objective psychological skill in the concise presentation of subtle traits of character which his poems never lead us to suspect. They also reveal throughout another trait equally organic yet equally absent from the poems, and that is a continual slight irreverence. In face of all the conventional verities we constantly detect, not the solemn uplifting of the eyeball we anticipate, but rather a mischievous uplifting of the nostril. It may perhaps surprise us at first in one who, as so stern a critic as Remy de Gourmont declares, has written the sweetest love-poems of our time. But while it is in the novels and not in the poems that this trait prevails, we may yet trace it to the poet's instinctively close intimacy with nature. His irreverence to the make-believes of men is the outcome of his belief in reality. His attitude is that of the child in the fairy-tale who alone had the vision and the courage to declare that the emperor had no clothes on. To the most impudently delightful of his books, *Les Rencontres de M. de Bréot*, Régnier has set a Preface in which he briefly says what he has to say on this aspect of his work. He is quite content, he declares, to be engaged in "the delicious and always novel pleasure" of a useless occupation, and if his pleasantry may seem a little offensive to respectable feelings, he is far from wishing to offend—it may find an excuse, he believes, in its "joyous and wholesome good humor." And then he strikes a deeper note by quoting Ninon de Lenclos's sentence, "They are much to be pitied who need a religion to guide themselves by, for there can be no surer proof that one's mind is very narrow or one's heart very corrupt." There we have a clue to the artist's temperament in Régnier, the wayward and original temperament in-

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susceptible to the external restraint of social conventions which to ordinary people mean religion, yet firmly controlled by its own fine judgment and its own instinctive sense of measure.

If we are still inclined to find an offense to good taste in such adventures as these of M. Le Varlon de Verrigny or such an attitude toward life as that of M. Armand de Bréot, we may well feel a doubt on which side the lack of taste lies when we realize how exquisite an artist we are here concerned with. He has indeed no wish to thrust his vision of life upon us. He is the least insistent of fine artists, content to assure us that he writes only to please himself. Has he not entitled one of his earliest series of stories *Contes à Soi-même?* He knows that, as he wrote long ago in an essay on Mallarmé, "an understanding between the reader and the writer can only come about slowly; one has some chance of being understood by one's contemporaries; afterward one is only understood by tradition; and, to tell the truth, one has never been understood at all except by oneself."

Understood or not, it would scarcely seem that the gay irreverence, social, moral, or religious, which plays through the novels of Régnier has done him serious disservice even in his own time, except possibly on his first attempt to enter the Academy. At that time the rival candidate was Richepin, a poet once distinguished by a much more solemn and ferocious irreverence, at all events, in the sphere of religion. Régnier had presented in *La Double Maîtresse* a grotesque picture of a Roman cardinal. In playing with cardinals, however, Régnier was in good company, and had Stendhal on his side.

The name of "that free and delicious spirit," as Régnier has termed him, may here be fittingly recalled, for if we are to seek any germs anywhere for the novel developed by Régnier it should probably be mainly in Stendhal, whose *Chartreuse de Parme* has been from an early period one of the later writer's most cherished readings. In both we may see something of the same disdainful independence of spirit, the same faculty of penetrating, reminiscent vision, the same psychological aptitude and dramatic presentation, which make *La Chartreuse de Parme* so rare and fascinating a book for certain readers. The difference is that Stendhal had in him a trace of the soldier and much of the man of the world, indifferent to literary style, while Régnier, whatever else he may be, is always poet, dreamer, and artist. The beauty of the world has for him a mysterious terror; "*j'ai peur*" occurs again and again in his poems, even

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though he sometimes seems inclined to a pantheistic conception of the universe, an instinctive naturalistic pantheism like that of Maurice de Guérin, with whom on one side he has a real affinity. *La Peur de l'Amour*, the title of one of his novels, may well have been the title of many, and a sensitive apprehension before the mystery of life, different indeed from the attitude of Julien Sorel or even of Fabrice, frequently marks the heroes of Régnier's novels; in M. de Galandot he has made that attitude extravagant and pitiful, but he has done so not only with the artist's instinct, but the poet's sympathy. In Régnier's attitude there is no failure of courage, and he has never turned away from his vision of the world to the narcotics and stimulants in which so many writers of his own and the immediately preceding generation in France have sought consolation—a submissive Catholicism, or a propagandist morality, or a narrow patriotism, or a zealous anarchism. It is scarcely even easy to tell what this isolated guardian of pure art, as he has been called, thinks of these things. "I forget Bismarck when I read Goethe," he remarks in an early essay, "D'Annunzio hides Crispi, and in a Shakespearian drama I think less about Mr. Chamberlain." He is content to find, it is clear, the reconciliations of men's jarring ambitions in the serene world of art wherein he has himself seen so much loveliness and evoked so many dreams. To-day Régnier's work represents the most exquisite embodiment of the French spirit in literature, as Debussy may be said to represent it in music, and as once Watteau immortally embodied it in painting. It is a spirit of joy, of freedom, of wantonness, but also of discipline, of self-restraint, even of sadness. Régnier has himself noted how restless and troubled a spirit guided the hand that painted the "*Embarquement pour Cythère*," and perhaps there must always be an element of melancholy in the creation of beauty more exquisite than the world holds.

It is sometimes said in France that the art of Régnier is so intimate an expression of the French spirit that it cannot be understood outside France. One may be permitted to doubt. Still, even if the doubt is unjustified, and this poet-artist is not for the many among us, the few may perhaps venture to associate ourselves with the sentiments of that robust Old World Englishman, Thomas Tobyson of Tottenwood, in *La Double Maîtresse*, who had spent twenty years exhaling his boredom along the highways of Europe, having sworn never to return home so long as Mrs. Tobyson lived, though it was the dearest wish of his heart to see once more the soft rain falling on London Bridge.

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"We English, sir, value men who carry out to the utmost their duty or their passion or their whim. That, sir, is why I claim to admire you. To do what one has willed to do—that is everything." And then the postilions mounted and he entered his coach, having sought in vain to carry away M. de Galandot, who had not "the honor of being an Englishman," from his slavery to Olympia. Happier than Galandot, when that Undine who is his muse flung the last grape of her bunch at his lips and made him captive for ever, Henri de Régnier was led into a paradise of freedom and delight. Here with a fine skill and even a fine courage, subtly weaving reality into fresh symbols, he has carried out to the utmost his own passion and fantasy, in forms of harmonious beauty and unalloyed art, evoking a new dream into which the life-stained traveler may awhile wander, to inhale the perfume of its flowers, to gather its fruits, to drink of its unfailing streams. "*Faire ce qu'on veut, tout est là.*"

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

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THOMAS HARDY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

"To read *Tess* here in America and to read it in Wessex," some one told me, "are not comparable experiences." When, two months before war was declared last year it was my great privilege to visit Mr. Hardy at Maxgate, near Dorchester, I fully understood what my friend meant.

It is with bated breath that I speak of stopping at Maxgate; almost with the same awe that I might say "I once saw Shakespeare in Avon." Greatness of course gains glamour with the passage of time, and the added centuries make it mysterious and inaccessible, and therefore more to be prized, but even at the present moment I still feel the thrill with which I looked at the every-day life of one of the greatest of English writers. No matter how we may rank Mr. Hardy, whether we put him before or after George Meredith or George Eliot or Thackeray or Dickens, his place in the history of English literature is secure. He has made a locality live; he has immortalized its towns and villages, its sea-coasts, heaths, and hills; he has created a whole army of men and women and sent them living, breathing, acting down the highways of eternity; he has given us an arraignment of certain social conditions, aye, in despite of himself he has given us an interpretation, if not a philosophy, of life. The life he set himself to portray he has recorded with something akin to the Shakespearian irony and detachment; somewhat the same patient, quiescent contemplation, and if not with the same, at least with a related beauty of expression.

In the preface to the final edition he deprecates the idea that either in the novels or the metrical section of his compositions he has offered any positive views on the Whence and the Wherefore of things.

> Nor is it likely [he writes] that imaginative writings extending over more than forty years would exhibit a coherent scientific theory of the Universe even if it had been attempted—of that Universe concerning

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which Spencer owns to the "paralyzing thought" that possibly there exists no comprehension of it anywhere.

Again he defends himself against the frequent charge of pessimism.

> It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth. Existence is either ordered in a certain way, or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison with other conjectures which do not so harmonize. So that to say that one view is worse than other views, without proving it erroneous, implies the possibility of a false view being better or more expedient than a true view; and no pragmatic proppings can make that *idolum specus* stand on its feet, for it postulates a prescience denied to humanity.
>
> And there is another consideration. Differing natures find their tongue in the presence of differing spectacles. Some natures become vocal at tragedy, some are made vocal by comedy, and it seems to me that to whichever of these aspects of life a writer's instinct for expression the more readily responds, to that he should allow it to respond.

Thomas Hardy's much-proclaimed pessimism is really, then, due to the fact that he does chiefly become vocal at the sight of tragedy. In speaking to him of one of his most pessimistic short poems I mentioned how widely it had been copied in the American magazines and papers: "And that," he said, "goes out as one of my final utterances upon the Universe!" He then told me that the poem in question had lain in a drawer for some twenty years, and when an importunate editor asked for something, anything, from his pen, he had unearthed it. It is an undoubted pleasure, when one realizes how rarely Mr. Hardy's novels give us the sense of relief and ease that go with a happy ending, to look back at the peaceful simplicity so full of honors and rewards that Fate has granted to him. The little City of Casterbridge, which he has endowed with immortality, has given him the "Freedom of the City," the key laid in a beautiful, inscribed shrine. His years are crowded with the recognition from all sides so rarely given to the living, and with complete devotion and loyalty in his own household.

Of his fourteen novels, only three—*Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, and *The Well-Beloved*—touch upon the lighter side of life. These are delightful comedies, so permeated with gentle, ironic laughter, so devoid of the sense of a cruel destiny waiting to swallow its puppets, that it is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that there are not more of the same kind.

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But as Mr. Hardy progressed he dealt with subjects more and more austere. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, first published in 1886, and *Jude the Obscure*, published in book form in 1895, are tragedies to set beside "King Lear" and *Père Goriot*. They are unrelenting accounts of the cruelty of life. Nor does Mr. Hardy deign to explain or to fix the blame upon any culprit whatsoever. With the greatest artists and thinkers he merely says, "Life can be like this." He is accused sometimes of trying to justify the ways of man to God. On the contrary, if in his supreme detachment of disinterested observer any purpose can be divined, it is rather that he would show what "Man has made of Man." *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, he says in his preface, is a study of "one man's deeds and character." It shows how in the self-same character may be the forces that build up and then destroy utterly. And yet had there been one living soul near Henchard who had had imaginative sympathy, the tragedy might have been averted.

Of *Jude* Mr. Hardy writes:

> For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken.

But of course exception was taken of *Jude*.

It has long been my contention that the reason America has not and apparently cannot produce a great, original literature, such as Russia, France, England, Germany, and Italy have done, is twofold. First, we are suffering from nervous exhaustion brought about by Puritan intensity and strain, and we have not the vitality or vigor to face reality. Owing to over-refinement and tension of the nerves, we are too depressed to enjoy any painful picture of life, however true it may be. Compare the tragedies to which the Greeks of the great dramatic period and the lusty Elizabethans could enjoy with our wincing and aversion to-day. Terror and Pity no longer purge; they wound to the death! Secondly, the struggle for comfort and ease has been so strenuous that we are tired and dislike mental effort. Only youth and vitality are willing to make the effort that translates them into an alien atmosphere or a new conception of life. Mr. Hardy was entirely uncompromising. He would not placate an audience. He offered no current, ob-

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vious views of life. He chose his setting and abode in and by it.

It has sometimes been conceived of novels that evolve their action on a circumscribed scene [he says] that they cannot be so inclusive in their exhibition of human nature as novels wherein the scenes cover large extents of country in which events figure amid towns and cities—even wander over the four quarters of the globe. I am not concerned to argue this point further than to suggest that the conception is an untrue one in respect of the elementary passions. But I would state that the geographical limits of the stage here trodden were not absolutely forced upon the writer by circumstances; he forced them upon himself from judgment. I consider that our magnificent heritage from the Greeks in dramatic literature found sufficient room for a large proportion of its action in an extent of their country not much larger than the half-dozen counties here reunited under the old name of Wessex. That the domestic emotions have throbbed in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe, and that, anyhow, there was quite enough human nature in Wessex for one man's literary purpose. So far was I possessed by this idea that I kept within the frontiers, where it would have been easier to overleap them and give more cosmopolitan features to the narrative.

This deliberate circumscription of environment has indeed been one of Mr. Hardy's chief gains. The counties of Dorset and Somerset, Wilts, Berkshire, Oxford, and Hants, are full of literary associations. Here are found traces of Keats, Shelley, Voltaire, Young, Browning, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Raleigh, Shorthouse, and the scenes of William Barnes's poems; yet it is, and will always be, Thomas Hardy's country. When I drove across Egdon Heath from Dorchester through Cerne-Abbas and Piddletown to Wareham, with Mr. Hardy's written directions in hand, it was to see the farm where Clym Yeobright lived, and the hill upon which Eustacia Vye stood. Passing Wellbridge, one remembers Tess and Angel on their honeymoon. And the inn at Wareham where I passed a night was the same in which Ethelberta and Lady Petherwin were stopping at the opening of that story. No English author has so made a locality his own or given so many haunting descriptions. Who has read *Under the Greenwood Tree* knows the Yalbury woods as he knows his own garden.

Not only has Thomas Hardy made a locality live, but in the portrayal of women he has but two rivals in English literature—Shakespeare and George Meredith. His women stand out more real than the people of our every-day inter-

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course; Ælfride the timid, Bathsheba the vacillating, Viviette the fond and impassioned, and yet self-abnegating; there is Anne Garland, all sweetness and dignity; Thomasin the submissive, Tess the puppet of fate, and Ethelberta, fate's manipulator. There is Sue, a study in temperament unmatched by anything similar in English literature. It is hard to classify these heroines. Mr. Hardy has a special touch, a particular tenderness, for the timid and the impulsive, a profound understanding of the passionate and egoistical—the Eustacia, Lucetta, and Felice type. But no less than his predecessors Dickens and Thackeray, he knows how to value what is still, and will perhaps remain, the highest type of womanhood, the long-suffering, patient, restrained, and faithful type, like Marty South and Anne.

If one singles out portraits of women it is that this is a rarer achievement in English literature than portraits of men. But when one remembers the subtlety, fineness, and wealth of detail which Hardy has expended upon such portraits as Swithin St. Cleeve, Smith, Gabriel Oak, Farmer Boldwood, Clym Yeobright, the faithful reddleman, and charming Dick Dewy, one sees that he does not fall behind in portraits of men. But above all other English novelists and, if one except Shakespeare, without rival in our literature, Hardy stands in delineation of the English peasant. One can only remind the reader to turn again to the scene in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, where the Mellstock choir visits Vicar Maybold; the scene of the bonfires on Egdon Heath guarded by Granfer Cantle, Fairway, Humphrey, Olly Dowden, Christian, and other turf-cutters; and the chapter in *Two on a Tower* where Viviette and Swithin, imprisoned in the tower, overhear the desultory talk outside of Haymoss, Hezzy Biles, and Sammy Blore, to prove the point. Irony, humor without caricature, truth, and delicacy of observation fairly riot in these scenes, giving to English-speaking peoples an historic record without parallel. Self-consciousness and the rapid spread of general information is robbing the world of its rustic and ingenuous characters. Originals of portraits such as these will hardly be found a half-century from now, and the very swiftness of their passing lends a value like that of Greek sculpture to the passing type.

One novel far too often overlooked by Mr. Hardy's critics, *Two on a Tower*, seems to me to deserve far greater praise than it has ever won. Who else has dared so majestic a setting as the whole northern sphere of the starry heavens against which

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to set the capricious destinies of a young student and a lonely woman? Just by this amazing contrast one gains a sense of proportionate values so rarely found in any story.

By common consent the five greatest novels are *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *The Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *The Woodlanders*, and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and yet very close to these in the matter of charm, beauty of description, character drawing, and fine artistry come *Two on a Tower*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

Every one who has ever written of Thomas Hardy has stopped to quote the moving words of Marty South which form the final paragraph of *The Woodlanders*. But Mr. Hardy's special genius for closing a book on a fine and haunting note has not been noted. Yet *Jude*, *Tess*, *Two on a Tower*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* sum up with perfect poetic beauty the mood of the whole book. Some of these endings are as felicitous and impressive as the famous touchstone:

> O, good Horatio, what a wounded name
> Things standing thus unknown shall live behind us!
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story.

Mr. Hardy himself warns us that although he believes his metrical work to contain his most individualistic utterances, we must still not make the mistake of taking his philosophy therein expressed to be other than dramatic or impersonative. Since he himself forbids us to make any ultimate statement of his philosophy of life, we can only agree that despite his great gift of humor, poetic fancy, and keen perception of the beautiful, his is a nature that most often finds tongue at the aspect of tragedy.

His "Spirit of the Pities" looks down upon life and exclaims in the words of Sophocles of the gods:

> Such gross injustice to their own creation
> Burdens the time with mournfulness for us,
> And for themselves with shame.

And the "Spirit of the Years" defends the *élan vitale* thus:

> Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame?
> In that immense unweeting Mind is shown

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One far above forethinking; a clairvoyancy
That knows not what it knows, yet works therewith.
. . . . . .
O heap not blame on that inbrooding will;
O pause, till all things all their days fulfil.

And how widely echoed in human hearts is the cry:

Crass casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan—
Where purblind doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

Less read, perhaps, than any of Mr. Hardy's work is his great dramatic epic, *The Dynasts*, but fated to be more and more read as the world takes profounder interest not only in the author's own view of life, but in the philosophy and significance of history.

The Wessex edition, which is final and definite, is as handsome, well printed, well bound an edition as one could ask for. The maps of the famous Wessex country are entirely appeasing to the curious, and we have the great gift of a great author's final words in the introductions on his own creation.

If he can afford to exclaim,

The little done, the undone vast,

we at least can only bow in gratitude and recognition for so noble a life-work.

Louise Collier Willcox.

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THE JEW'S OPPORTUNITY IN AMERICA

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

AMERICA is an open door to opinions as well as to men, and ideas are emigrants that cannot be restricted. Happily, no law can bar them—and that is indicative of American progress The opportunity afforded by our Republic to all creeds to display their best qualities without fear or prejudice is one which signifies, perhaps, more to Judaism than to any other religion. Here, where conditions are so favorable, it has a field for development in breadth, character, and usefulness which has never yet been possible. The Jew's breathing-spells have been so few, the transitions from comparative rest to superlative misery so many, that he has had no genuine opportunity for any length of time to reveal his creed's latent capacity for growth in relation to world problems and ideals. In America the cynic thinks the Jew will lose himself. Why may he not find himself? Full growth has been denied him almost from the beginning. It was Heine who wrote that the Greeks were children, while the Hebrews were men. Circumstance, however, has kept the Jew in his kindergarten these modern centuries, and, unhappily, a double wall encompassed him — the Ghetto within and without.

Now it might be asserted frankly that his "daughter-religions," Christianity and Islam, have exhausted any chance of further Jewish development, have supplied what mankind requires with a finality which is indisputable. In other words, according to this point of view, the Jew lags superfluous on the stage. Let him make his exit now—he has no further rôle to play. Yet the parent stock would appear to possess abundant vitality to have resisted disintegration since Palestine was exchanged for the universe. If still a wandering people, "roaming to and fro in the highways of the world," when the opportunity is within its grasp it may utter the right word and do the fitting deed to help realize its ideals with an energy and

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irresistibility of which the world may have no adequate conception.

How can this be done? Granting that here at last the practical crucifixion of the race is no longer in evidence, and in the atmosphere of civil and religious freedom the Jew can live his religion, what methods of activity is he to follow? Shall he start propaganda, begin street demonstrations, organize a whirlwind campaign with the flag of Judah heading the procession, and canonize "Palestine, my Palestine," to the air of "Maryland, my Maryland"?

Such a programme is utterly foreign to Judaism. Its mission is peace, not war. Its message is not selfish aggrandizement. Its policy is never aggressive. It regards not the creeds as foes, but as partners in the work of human betterment. It is glad to learn from them and to co-operate with them when possible.

What, then, is to be the precise and definite programme on American soil? Obviously a mere outline only can be given within the limitations of these pages.

First and in its broadest meaning, simple living. That was the insistent cry of the prophets of old when conditions were strikingly modern, and it must again be heard to-day. The Jew whose fondness for idolatry took ages to be eradicated must resist luxury and the evils in its train as his foremost duty. If he really is appointed to be a witness among the nations, he must cease to take his color from his surroundings, but must prove superior to current tendencies that imperil his mission. In the final analysis Judaism stands for self-discipline. Its spirit makes for self-denial, self-sacrifice, and leads to the quiet, modest, simple life. To be a Jew must express more than to join the gay procession of ostentatious puppets, eager to ape the latest fashions, however degrading. He is not needed in the rôle of cringing lackey or glittering showman. Anybody can act in that capacity. The descendant of Moses and Isaiah and the long line of saintly men and women who kept and lived the faith must be of sterner stuff and loftier aim, or the glory of Ichabod is indeed departed for ever.

Then, too, he must widen his activity. What a few are doing more must do, so that it may be characteristic, not exceptional. To develop into successful men and women, to leave more or less comfortable fortunes to one's family, with occasional gifts to charities in which one is interested, this is laudable enough and calls for no criticism. A few Israelites

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however, recognize that their duty goes further. They give of their wealth and personal service to other than specifically Jewish causes, without neglecting home interests. If the Jew claims that Judaism is the religion of humanity, he must heed ungrudgingly the call of the larger world and apply himself more zealously to solve its problems. Men like David Lubin, for example, or like Benjamin Altman, Joseph Fels, and Morris Loeb, who have recently passed away, are identified with activities that give to the multitude a new meaning of the term Jew. In art, literature, and the drama; in science, invention, and philanthropy; in education and public service—what precious opportunities for usefulness! These are brave beginnings, but only beginnings. A fuller, more generous participation is imperative. In barter and trade, in strictly commercial lines, no new emphasis need be laid. The danger lies in commercializing spiritual factors and pandering to low standards because it pays for the time in sales and audiences. That is the curse of much that passes for civilizing influences—and the Jew, of all men, is not needed to swell the crowd of panderers. Let him choose, then, some other name than son of Israel. When he makes for Baal he is a counterfeit. The contagion of his presence and example is not to be endured.

But still a third quality the Jew must possess in fuller measure—he must have vision without being a mere visionary. His aim must be higher, as his whole life must be purer and nobler, just because he is a Jew. There has been too much restriction in scope and vision. Open windows in the synagogue have always existed, out of which a few choice spirits caught a glimpse of the broader heavens. He would never have survived if there had not come to him songs in the night, dreams in captivity, longings in wretchedness, and gleams of light amid the stifling darkness. Such open windows gave him buoyancy and taught him patience to endure until spring would dawn and the shadows flee. Circumstance draping Jewish history in funeral crêpe peremptorily checked universalistic tendencies, and made the great mass look ever backward in their weakness and helplessness. The traditional fate of Lot's wife is always a warning and illustration. Is there not a bolder and more heroic alternative? To plant itself on God, virtue, and immortality, to develop as an active working force, and cease to be a mere reminiscence from the era of the Moabites and the Perizzites, and to accomplish in the realm of the spirit what has already been done in the world of trade—this implies for Israel no violent

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break with tradition, but an evolution on more daring lines. Its small coterie of thinkers and workers who cherish such a vision must be strengthened and enlarged until the name Israel shall regain its original significance as wrestler for right living, at whatever sacrifice.

How impatient! how heartless! some critics might exclaim. How absurd to prate of vision and the mirage of humanity, when three-fourths of the Jews of the world are in the war zone, and the nearer duty calls on us to relieve the suffering and restore the broken-hearted. Let us wait until the war clouds have uplifted, and complete emancipation has been enjoyed by our brethren in Russia and Rumania.

That has always been the answer. Let us wait. Let us fold our hands and sleep still longer until the spirit slumbers and Judaism is atrophied as a real power among Jews. Here on American soil are no war clouds, and the calls to relieve the suffering are not so overwhelming as to stifle every other claim, banish every other duty. The thoughtful Israelite who does not delude himself knows that there is a rift within the lute, that readjustment is imperatively demanded, that the danger is imminent, despite current alleviatives and rhetorical soothing draughts. The ethical foundations are being sapped and the synagogue is powerless.

Is the Jew in America ready to grasp the opportunity? Has he sufficient confidence in himself and his creed? *Noblesse oblige*. If he belongs to the aristocracy of the spirit, as he claims, let him cease to be a mere image in clay, but stand upon his own feet, think his own thoughts, live in his own age, and, no longer an echo, be a voice clear, emphatic, and convincing.

ABRAM S. ISAACS.

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"BURNING-GLASSES," DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER?

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

In the present war, the greatest in the world's history, when man's inventive genius has produced engines for the destruction of life and property, both on land and sea, which have appalled humanity for their wholesale awfulness, interest becomes more acute as to what manner of device was that "terrible invention" of Thomas Cochrane, the tenth earl of Dundonald, which the British Admiralty kept rigorously secret more than a hundred years as being "too horrible for humanity," and which was so interestingly discussed in an editorial in the November number of this Review. With the highest science and the best of mechanical devices at their command, present-day inventors have devised mechanisms which, by the merest touch of a button or the turning of a lever, have swept thousands of men into eternity. Yet, one hundred years ago, when science and the mechanical arts were in a comparatively primitive stage of development, Lord Dundonald created an engine of warfare which the highest authorities in the English navy declared to be so terrible that it "shocked humanity," and would render wars between nations impossible. We know of the frightful destructiveness of present-day war weapons, yet, thus far, they have not brought any of the many warring nations to terms of peace. What could have been Lord Dundonald's invention, perfected in the crude sciences and arts of a century ago, that by its terrific potentiality could accomplish more than the most powerful engines for destruction devised in the twentieth century?

While engaged in researches in the British Museum library, the writer found a small pamphlet, published in London toward the close of the eighteenth century, which described an invention of "burning-glasses," whereby it was claimed that man was enabled to grasp the "veritable bolts of Jove himself" and hurl

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them at his enemies. It fills out with convincing amplitude every detail of what was claimed for Dundonald's destroyer. It is not known if Dundonald obtained the ideas for his machine from these "burning-glasses," but it is known that the latter were experimented with by English scientists early in the nineteenth century, and results were obtained which fully substantiate Dundonald's claim that any foe, whether on sea or land, would be annihilated by their "terrific" power.

The essential idea of this singular device was the arrangement of several hundred mirrors in a great frame, at such angles as to catch and concentrate the rays of the sun on any desired spot. The power of these concentrated rays was so great as to explode any magazine, quickly set all woodwork in a flame, and to cause the instant death of any human being who came within the influence of their scorching breath. It was claimed that, so great was the heat generated in these concentrated sun rays, they could be swept along a line of advancing troops, causing each man to drop dead the moment the rays fell upon him. As is well known, wood entered largely into the construction of forts a century ago, when exploding shells were almost unknown. Gun-carriages were almost entirely of wood, while the "mantlets" that guarded each embrasure in the fortifications at Sebastopol were made of wood. With the terrific heat of these concentrated sun rays pouring into their embrasures, it was claimed that no men could stand by their guns, while all woodwork would be instantly set on fire.

It was in sea-fights, however, that these "burning-glasses" were declared to be most horrible in their execution. In these days of steel construction, when everything about the modern fighting craft, so far as possible, is made of metal (even to the masts, spars, standing rigging, and some of the running rigging), it is difficult for us to appreciate the unaffected terror the mariners of a century ago had for fire at sea. Their craft were built almost entirely of wood. Wood and hemp ropes, saturated with tar and oil, together with primitive hand-pumps, rendered a fire aboard ship one of the most dreaded foes of the old-time sailor. Add to these conditions the powder necessarily exposed along the decks in time of action and stored in magazines, and we can readily believe that the Admiralty was "horrified" over the power of these "burning-glasses" and made determined and continued efforts to conceal the invention from mankind.

So prominently did the "demon fire" enter into the life of old-time navies that we find the first considerable history of the

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British navy (a solid work in six portly volumes by Capt. Isaac Schomberg, published late in the eighteenth century), entitled *A History of the English Navy and an Account of "Conflagrations" in His Majesty's Warships and Dock-yards.* If these "burning-glasses" generated only half the heat credited to them, it is easy to understand how they could easily set instantly on fire any of the old-time wooden ships opposed to them. Indeed, the officers and crew of the doomed craft would have had difficulty in leaving before her magazine blew up.

While difficulties were encountered in adapting "burning-glasses" to naval warfare, not one of them was insurmountable. The rolling and pitching motions of water craft were easily accommodated in a manner similar to that employed with "floating" compasses, whereby a degree of stability was acquired sufficient to maintain a direct line with the sun and transmit its concentrated rays to the desired objective. As to the delicate mechanism or fragile nature of these glasses being shattered by hostile shot, it must be remembered that a century ago ordnance was of a comparatively low power; so much so, in fact, that it was the rule rather than the exception for opposing war craft to hammer each other for hours and sometimes days without any being sunk—and the thickness of planks in militant craft then was only about four inches.

It would have been an easy matter to fortify the small space occupied by a frame of "burning-glasses" with timbers massive enough to render them impervious to shot—the narrow slit through which the concentrated rays were to be projected against an enemy affording an infinitesimally small target for the cumbersome cannon of those days. With this "horrible" engine of death and destruction thus protected, it was quite possible for a war craft to approach close enough to an adversary to set the latter instantly afire.

On land the operation was simpler. There, also, old-time ordnance was of low velocity and, consequently, of less smashing power. Not having the rolling and pitching motions of water craft to overcome, the operators confined their attention to moving the "frame" on wheels, and, under the protection of massive timbers, could bring it within the desired distance from the enemy's fortifications in spite of the heaviest cannon-fire then known.

Just what was the "distance" necessary for the most effective operation of these "burning-glasses" is left to conjecture, but when we read how Archimedes, by means of polished metal

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mirrors, burned completely to ashes the Roman ships besieging Syracuse, and that Proclus by the same means destroyed the galleys of Vitalian when attacking Byzantium, we can believe that the opponents were not very far apart. That these reports of ancient "burning-glasses" are not entirely mythical has been demonstrated by modern scientific experiments. With only five plane mirrors in a frame, Kircher concentrated a degree of heat at a point one hundred feet away sufficient to ignite wood; and he concluded that by increasing the number of mirrors he could develop almost any degree of heat. He visited Syracuse, and, from actual measurements, declared that the Roman galleys could not have been more than one hundred feet from the "burning-glasses" of Archimedes. By using one hundred and sixty-eight mirrors Buffon constructed a frame by which he set fire to the hardest wood at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet. Increasing the number of mirrors to four hundred, he found that he could melt lead and tin at one hundred and fifty feet.

That these "burning-glasses" were known in England at the time Dundonald made his invention is shown in the fact that an English artisan named Penn constructed a powerful lens by which steel and flint were melted like wax, while a ten-grain diamond, after being subjected to this heat thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains.

With these well-authenticated modern experiments before us we can readily understand how it became merely a matter of mechanical ingenuity to arrange these "burning-glasses" for war purposes. When we remember that England's main reliance for national defense was on her navy, with its "walls of oak" saturated with tar and surmounted with highly inflammable oiled ropes, we better appreciate the Admiralty's "horror" for this method of sea-fighting.

At the time Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, gunpowder or high explosives of any kind were unknown. With the advent of "gunpowder cannon" in war craft the storage of explosives in war-vessels added vastly to the terror of these "burning-glasses." In the days of wooden war craft naval engagements were fought, as a rule, at the closest quarters; a favorite strategy being to "lay the enemy alongside," board in the smoke of broadsides, and decide the issue in a hand-to-hand struggle on the adversary's deck. With "burning-glasses" having power to melt lead or tin at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet we can readily understand how a frigate thus equipped could

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instantly set the oil-soaked rigging and tar-saturated planks of an opposing vessel aflame; while the terrific heat pouring through the open gun-ports would cause the instant death of men facing it, besides igniting the powder necessarily stored along the decks and leading to the magazines.

Dundonald's destroyer was thoroughly tested by five of the highest experts then in the British navy—namely, the Duke of York as commander-in-chief of the English army, Admirals Lord Keith and Exmouth, and the two Congreve brothers for whom the celebrated war-rocket was named. The fact that the inventors of these rockets were placed on this board of experts is suggestive that Dundonald's invention was in the nature of "burning-glasses," as they were operated somewhat on the principle of rockets.

Dundonald declared that his destroyer afforded "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity," that "no power on earth could stand against it," that it could be used by the weakest nation against the strongest, and that its construction was so simple that the most ignorant minds could readily master its mechanism. These "burning-glasses," if operated in naval and land warfare as it existed a century ago, seem to fill all these conditions. But, with the advent of high-power and long-range ordnance, the "terror" of this peculiar engine of destruction disappears.

In a different form, however, the ancient "burning-glasses" promise to become a potent factor in land and sea contests. Instead of utilizing sun rays, Italian inventors have made experiments with the violet or F-ray by means of which they claim they can explode the magazine of any fort or ship at a distance of nine miles. Their successes with the wireless telegraph entitle their claims to serious consideration. The principle is easy enough, but the difficulty has been to establish the "projector" of the F-ray at a point in the enemy's rear where the fort or hostile war craft will be on a direct line between the "projector" and its "receiver." The difficulty of reaching an enemy's rear, especially on land, is obvious, and it is this difficulty which gives hope of further postponement of the practical workings of this "terrible destroyer" of the twentieth century. Conditions surrounding the mysterious explosion which destroyed the British battle-ship *Bulwark* have led some experts to believe that she was a victim of this new method of attack.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

The Advent of Mr. Granville Barker.—A New Opera at the Metropolitan.—"Marie-Odile": a Fable for Pharisees.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Androcles and his friend Tommy the Lion waltzed rapturously off the stage at the end of the first act of Mr. Granville Barker's production of Shaw's play, followed by Megaera's furious cry of "Coward!" and the audience at Wallack's burst into a joyous roar of delighted appreciation, Mr. Barker's ambitious and long-awaited enterprise was saved. It was saved from the clutches of the faddists and poseurs, the *précieux*, the pseudo-intellectuals, who would smother all important esthetic innovations with their clamorous and unintelligent adulation. Those amusing but pestiferous folk had threatened to wreck Mr. Barker's season by the amiable but calamitous process of making a cult of him and his proceedings; and who shall deny that it was Tommy and Androcles who saved the English producer from this tragic end? For, enormously to the surprise of the faddists, it was apparent before Mr. Barker's first night was half over that here was something that, in the producer's own words, was just "good fun"—fun *de luxe*, to be sure: delightful and finely flavored and exquisitely adorned fun; yet something that might be heartily relished even by that fabulous being (if he is not fabulous, he is at least never self-confessed), the "low-brow."

We have said that Mr. Barker's unexpected triumph was won to the tune of Tommy's adorable purring and Megaera's wild cry that Androcles was a coward because, though he hadn't danced with her for years, he was now dancing with "a great brute beast whom he hadn't known for ten minutes." But it is more accurate to say that it was won even earlier

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in the evening, when, after an unforgetable hour of fun, the unhappy Master Botal, finally cured of the affliction of a garrulous spouse by the attainment of voluntary deafness, paused a moment in his jubilant dance and begged the audience to "pardon the author's shortcomings." It was apparent that no indulgence was necessary, either for M. Anatole France and his play after (so he says) Rabelais, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," or for the merry and beautiful production it had received at the hands of Mr. Barker. Clearly there was nothing forbiddingly rarefied or esoteric about these entertaining proceedings; this was merely a gay farce in the medieval manner, set upon the stage with extraordinary charm and effectiveness, and acted with a perfection of ensemble that was a continual delight. Here also, of course, were those departures from the conventional stagecraft which have made Mr. Barker the most widely discussed *metteur-en-scène* in England: here were the platform-stage with its Elizabethan "apron," the decorative rather than pictorial treatment of scenery, the absence of footlights, with the illumination coming from a remote point in the balcony, and, finally, the sense of a vigorous and poetically imaginative intelligence pervading, ordering, and unifying the whole. Here, in short, was "the new stagecraft"—which is not so new as it is admirable. That these methods and devices suited ideally the two plays chosen by Mr. Barker to inaugurate his season (as we write, his version of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is still undisclosed) is obvious to the least perceptive. There has been some doubt concerning their adaptability to plays of a different order. But no one who witnessed Mr. Barker's wholly satisfying production of "The Great Adventure" at the Kingsway Theater in London a year and a half ago will feel any serious doubts over Mr. Barker's possession of common sense and a sense of humor. He will naturally not mount "The Madras House" as he has mounted "Androcles and the Lion."

The little medieval fable which Prof. Curtis Hidden Page has concocted from Anatole France's *La comédie de celui qui épousa une femme muette* is sheer farce; but no one save Anatole France could have invented it: its blend of irony and wit, its humor that is both rich and adroit, the delicate art of its contrivance—all these show the crafty hand of that mocking and fantastic spirit. Shaw's play—done for the first time here by Mr. Barker—is stronger meat. One cannot resist the temptation of saying that "Androcles" is pure Shaw—a completely characteristic

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outgiving. Despite the cloud of controversial and expository dust which he has stirred up along the highways of criticism, there is really, as we have said before in this place, only one indefeasible attitude to hold regarding Mr. Shaw. It is as otiose to see in him a dazzling though somewhat disturbing mountebank as it is to consider him a prophet and philosopher whose every dictum is to be accepted absolutely *au sérieux*. We all know that he has derived infinite joy from a knowledge of the fact that he is widely regarded, among a class of persons whom he quite honestly despises, as being in the same case as Andrew Undershaft in his "Major Barbara," of whom the excellent Lady Britomart observes that "he is always most clever and unanswerable when he is defending nonsense and wickedness." That is a conception of himself which Mr. Shaw, one fancies, is far from averse to fostering; and it suggests, for those who care to apply it, the key to a just apprehension of him. We have always insisted that he is at bottom a poet, a man of extreme intensity and sensitiveness of feeling; but he is also a moralist with an insatiable and inextinguishable *flair* for comedy: a more painfully and utterly inharmonious blend of characteristics than which it would be difficult to conceive. It follows, quite simply and as a matter of course, that Mr. Shaw is forced into a nervous and fidgety dread of parody or derision; he is mortally afraid that we will accuse him of taking himself with an excess of seriousness, or that we will burlesque him. Therefore, he is perpetually engaged in forestalling us by obligingly burlesquing himself. Hence his exuberant impertinence, his elaborate audacity, his heaven-storming insolence—in short, all that in him which scandalizes the orthodox, enrages the unsympathetic, and—sometimes—distresses the candid friend. That he would doubtless repudiate any such conception of his activities as engagingly and effectively as he would controvert any other confident or positive exegesis, and with his usual ignorance of the fact that he is least prepossessing when he is most airily and blithely self-conscious, does not necessarily invalidate it.

He has never been more patently himself than in "Androcles and the Lion," with its riotous jumble of styles and methods —now farce, now melodrama, now satire, now thesis-play. It is a miracle of the heterogeneous. It is as full of ideas, of what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-stuff," as it will hold. It is often uproariously absurd, yet sometimes it takes the breath with an exaltation of thought and utterance that are nothing short of inspired. So it happens that the same play

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includes the inimitable Tommy—drollest, most winsome, most captivating of all stage animals—and the noble and candid Lavinia, who gives away that inconvenient and embarrassing fact which Mr. Shaw is at such elaborate pains, when he is on his guard, to conceal: the fact that he is, *au fond* and incurably, a poet. In proof of which, hear him in Lavinia's answers to her "handsome captain."

To apportion the honors among the participants in these two productions is difficult; for all are as near perfection as the most exacting could ask—from Miss McCarthy with her fine Lavinia, and Mr. Heggie with his consummate Master Botal and Androcles, and Mr. Phil Dwyer with his marvelous Lion, to Mr. Robert E. Jones, who "decorated" with a beauty at once sober and rich the play of Anatole France, and Mr. Albert Rothenstein, who wrought with equal felicity and imagination the designs and hues for "Androcles."

The best thing that can be said of "Mme. Sans-Gêne," the new opera by Umberto Giordano which the Metropolitan has lately added to its repertoire, is that it might have been a good opera if it were not for its music. That conclusion is, of course, a little rough on Giordano; for all operas exist because of their music, and for no other reason whatsoever. "The Magic Flute" still lives, a century and a quarter old, despite a preposterous libretto; Weber's "Euryanthe" is still vital, in defiance of the absurd "book" of Helmine von Chezy; Wagner, with his fatuous dream of a union of all the arts, survives in the opera-house because the wondrous enchantment of his music persuades us to endure the *longueurs* of his cumbersome dramatic structures. We have heard concert performances of "Parsifal," with the *Reine Thor* in evening clothes and white kid gloves, that were deeply and thrillingly impressive; yet who could endure a stage performance of "Parsifal" were it not for its magnificent music? Who could tolerate "Tristan" were it not for the transfiguring genius of Wagner the poet in tones? No—Wagner the theoretician was wrong: opera is not drama; it is not drama plus music, plus poetry, plus painting, plus sculpture. It is music. It is, as the early Wagnerians used to say contemptuously of pre-Wagnerian opera, a "concert in costume." We tolerate the drama—action and text and scenery—for the sake of the music, and the emotion that is implicit in the music. It matters not what metaphysical subtleties are spun by Tristan and Isolde in their nocturnal encounter; we

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know only that the music speaks to us with entrancing eloquence of the longing and the ecstasy of a man and woman in love.

So with "Mme. Sans-Gêne." If Giordano were Puccini, with Puccini's power of writing terse, vivid, trenchant musical prose, and his still more valuable power of writing impassioned and not too subtle musical poetry, there might have been a different tale to tell. There is not much doubt that Puccini could achieve artistic prosperity with any libretto he chose to lay his hands upon—unless his evil genius should tempt him to ape the manner of a brother composer, as he aped Debussy (with results as droll as they were deplorable) in his "Girl of the Golden West." Yet even in that amorphous score, Puccini, when he saw fit to write in the style that is natural to him, accomplished wonders in his setting of a play which is about as well suited to lyrico-dramatic treatment as Mark Twain's story of the immortal frog of Calaveras. The trouble with "Mme. Sans-Gêne" is that the music gets under the feet of the play. It would be a pure delight again to observe the humors of the lovable Caterina's encounter with the ladies of the court, and her still more engrossing encounter with Napoleon (as Miss Farrar irresistibly portrays them), if the dull and common music of Giordano were not continually intrusive. For the libretto which Renato Simoni has derived from the famous play of Sardou and Moreau is not a bad one. At least, like the curate's egg, it is only bad in spots. It has considerable humor, some charm, and some degree of dramatic tension. Its gravest defect is that it does not imperatively cry aloud for musical enlargement. A good opera-book, as Mr. Henderson has memorably said, "must not only make room for great music, but must inspire it." Any one who remembers the dramatic material with which Sardou and Moreau dealt in their famous comedy will see that it could hardly yield a libretto fulfilling this requirement. Save for a few brief passages, it neither invites nor demands great music; and Giordano is not sufficiently gifted to take advantage of these brief opportunities, not to speak of his inability to adorn the book with a musical power and loveliness which it does not in itself provoke.

The motives of impresarios are frequently baffling. It would be hard to say whether the course of the Metropolitan is more mysterious in the case of the important operas it does not mount or in the case of the unimportant ones it does mount. The reason why "Mme. Sans-Gêne" was chosen for the high honor of a production does not plainly meet the eye—unless it was to

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provide Miss Farrar with a part which she handles inimitably, to be sure, but which is far from showing her at her best. It cannot have been because the musical public of New York was obviously hungering and thirsting to hear more of Giordano's music. We already know it well. Three of his operas have been given, and well given, in New York. We have heard his "Andrea Chenier," his "Fédora," his "Siberia." None has displayed ability above the mediocre. None has intrigued the affections of the musical public. When you have said that he writes with facility, with technical competence of a kind, you have said about all that even the friendliest criticism can find to say in approbation. It would be indulgent to discern in Giordano any of the qualities that have set apart certain of his countrymen who are also his contemporaries. He has none of Mascagni's crude force, and he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Puccini; for, second-rate though he is, Puccini is always, at his best, the master of a pungent and individual style—there is no one who speaks with just his accent, whether you find the accent wholly to your taste or not. Giordano is a young—or youngish—man. He is not yet forty-eight. He is three years younger than Richard Strauss, five years younger than Debussy; yet his music sounds tragically old. Hearing it, you would say that he stands—proudly or indifferently—wholly aside from the current of musical modernity. Save for a single audacious fling which he permits himself—a momentary toying with that notorious "whole-tone scale" which will always, to this generation at least, evoke the slyly satirical countenance of Debussy—he writes, for the most part, in the manner of the early eighteen-nineties, though now and again he threatens to lapse into harmonic refinements which he perhaps regards as a sop to contemporaneous taste. But it is not, we hasten to say, because Giordano does not write in the modern vein of Richard Strauss or of Claude Debussy that we find little to praise in him. On the contrary, we share with most admirers of these great masters of the musical present a cordial abhorrence of those who play the "sedulous ape" to them. What we regret in the music of Giordano is its emptiness and its impotence. It is vacuous with the pathetic vacuity of the gaze of the blind. It is blank, and it is inarticulate. No loveliness, no beauty—austere or grave, passionate or voluptuous—speaks out of it; and its lack of expressional capacity is remarkable—witness the futile endeavor to characterize, in the last act, the presence of the Emperor. One does not, of course,

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expect to come upon masterpieces at every turn of the road; nor would it be reasonable to chide our august operatic institution because the new works it produces are not always emanations of genius. Music that is either subtle or profound is no commoner to-day than it ever was. But so long as one may point to conspicuous works of genius which the Metropolitan has never mounted, certain of the curious will continue to wonder why that admirable establishment wastes its energies upon such unrewarding material as "Mme. Sans-Gêne."

It all happened because Marie-Odile, the tender-hearted little novice in the Alsatian convent, would not obey the hard and tyrannical Mother Superior. Marie-Odile's pet pigeon, her beloved St. Francis—he was the brown one—had been ordered killed by the Mother Superior, who regarded pet pigeons only as potential food for the refectory table, and who was determined to teach Marie-Odile to "love nothing but her Maker"—to "prevail against all vain promptings of the flesh." So Marie-Odile, frightened, heavy-hearted, rebellious, hides herself in the loft so that she shall not be compelled to carry the Mother Superior's lethal order to doddering old Peter, the gardener, who is to act as St. Francis's executioner. So it falls out that when news reaches the convent that the French have suffered defeat and the Uhlans are approaching (for it is the time of the Franco-Prussian War), the nuns, unable to discover the little novice, depart in terrified haste; and when the Prussians arrive they find the convent deserted save for old Peter, the pigeons murmuring among the trees of the garden, and Marie-Odile.

Marie-Odile had often wondered if all men were like the ancient and half-witted Peter, or perhaps like old Father Fisher, the chaplain, for she knows even less of the world than her brown pigeon, St. Francis—at least he has been up among the branches and has spread his wings over the fields and woods. Perhaps, if all men are *not* like Peter or Father Fisher (she has been assured of this by her gentle friend, Sister Louise), then perhaps they are like St. Michael, splendid with sword and armor, whose picture hangs on the wall. So when Corporal Meissner, of the invading Prussians, young and tall and heroically martial, confronts her suddenly in the sunlit quiet of the refectory, she kneels to him in worship, for of course he must be St. Michael.

"I feel," Marie-Odile had mused when she thought of the Mother Superior's stern command to love nothing but her

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Maker—"I feel as if there must be something else." And after the soldiers have departed, young Corporal Meissner remains behind with the little novice, and Marie-Odile finds that "something else" of which she had vaguely dreamed; for we leave her, as the curtain falls upon the second act, looking with rapturous and candid happiness up into the face of her St. Michael in the flesh. "Ah!" she sighs gently, "it is sweet to be kissed by a man."

A year passes, and the war is over, and the nuns come back to the convent, to find Marie-Odile and old Peter and the pigeons just as they were—save that a miracle has happened, says the little novice, for Heaven has sent her a child, and she shows it joyously to the sisters. And then, of course, the horrified sisters do what you expect them to do—they denounce her bitterly and order her from the convent that has been so foully and wickedly contaminated; for has she not desecrated their sacred precincts? So Marie-Odile departs, wonderingly, whispering gently and reasurringly to the baby in her arms, still perversely unaware of sin, and leaving us to ponder again that ancient problem, Who are the pure in heart? Perhaps we shall be led to believe that of all sins the only unpardonable ones are bigotry and self-righteousness and uncharitableness. Perhaps we shall even find ourselves believing—what is indeed preposterous—that human passion, and bodily tenderness, and the yielding of love to love, are not unholy in the sight of God; and we like to imagine the kindly Sister Louise murmuring reverently to herself as she watches Marie-Odile depart with that serene radiance in her face: "As the wings of doves over their nestlings, and the mouths of their nestlings toward their mouths, so also are the wings of the Spirit over my heart."

To appreciate how moving and memorable these happenings really are, it is necessary to witness them at the Belasco Theater, where Miss Frances Starr and Mrs. Dellenbaugh and Miss Wainwright and Jerome Patrick and the others are exhibiting this rare and beautiful play of Mr. Knoblauch's—a play so touching and fine and true, so austerely remote from sentimentalism and insipidity, so exquisitely tactful in its restraint, so delicate in its touch, that only a rendering as perfect as Mr. Belasco and his thrice-admirable players give could communicate its potency and its haunting charm.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

JAMES GALLATIN began his diary on March 12, 1813, a few days before his father, Albert Gallatin, was appointed one of the three commissioners to Russia for the negotiation of peace with England, the two others being Bayard and John Quincy Adams. Though only sixteen years old, he was his father's private secretary on that mission and all through the difficult negotiations that led to the Treaty of Ghent. He held the same position during his father's ministry in France from 1815 to 1823, and his special mission to England in 1826-27. Throughout these fourteen years his entries, though irregular, are detailed and intimate. The diary closes on October 9, 1827.

Young Gallatin deified his father, but had a sharp enough eye for the foibles of other people, and his remarks on the important personages he was thrown with are shrewd and often amusing. He gives us some new glimpses of the cantankerous John Quincy Adams.

Oct. 24, 1813.

After a stormy interview with Mr. Adams (Adams was the storm) father has decided to take his own course.

This was during the attempt to secure Russian mediation. As commissioner in the negotiations with England, Adams was worse yet, having Clay as well to quarrel with.

July 15, 1814.

Nothing to do. Mr. Adams in a very bad temper. Mr. Clay annoys him. Father pours oil on the troubled waters. I am now reading a history of the Low Countries. . . . The women are so ugly here. . . . We had waffles for breakfast—it reminded me of home. It seems they are an old Dutch dish. . . .

[1] *A Great Peace-Maker; The Diary of James Gallatin.* Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1914.

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Again we find Clay using "strong language" to Adams, who "returns the compliment," while "father looks calmly on with a twinkle in his eye"; further trouble because Adams insisted on making the first draft of the treaty; another "long and angry discussion" between Adams and Clay; and Adams and Clay "objecting to everything" that they do not suggest themselves.

Dec. 7.

An answer refusing to accept this proposition received to-day. More discussion, everlasting bickering, and matters delayed. Father can no longer support Mr. Adams; he has tried his patience too far.

In 1821, when the elder Gallatin was Minister to France and Adams had become Secretary of State, the diarist resumes his comments on him, referring to his "very disagreeable communications," "Yankee tricks," and "petty and annoying" interference. Young Gallatin believed he was venting "his spleen on father for his imaginary grievances at Ghent."

He certainly is an impossible person. He is not a man of great force or intelligence, but his own opinion of himself is immense. I really think father, in a covert way, pulls his leg. I know he thinks little of his talents and less of his manners.

On the contrary, he was quite sure that Adams had "in his heart of hearts a very strong opinion of father's ability." From the notes on Adams it would seem that the elder Gallatin had quite accurately taken the measure of him as a member of a very familiar class of social tormentors. They aim at being reformers whose merits posterity will discover, but succeed in being inopportunists whom posterity mercifully forgets. As to Clay, "father" regarded him "as simply an obstinate firebrand who is not capable of grasping or dealing with a subject without prejudice."

The comments of a light-minded and very susceptible youth on the various celebrities he encountered are naturally rather trivial at times. Having a keen sense of immediate social values, he experienced, like the usual memoir-writer, a sort of buck-fever on meeting famous persons, with the result that what he says has sometimes no meaning whatever to the present generation. There is a good deal about how the king looked and the queen smiled, and the prince said it was a pleasant day. "Prince Talleyrand was present, the Duc de Rohan, Duchesse de Courland (niece of Talleyrand, who seems devoted to him), Duc and Duchesse de Duras, the Galitzins, Caumont la Forces," and so

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on—a dozen more names—and concluding, "The Duke was in fine spirits and received congratulations on all sides."

Yet there is less of this than one would expect, and indeed it contrasts most favorably in this respect with the memoirs and reminiscences of the present day. To judge from the mass of these writings, it would seem that snobbishness is on the increase, for surely there never was a time when so many large volumes of undesirable recollections could find a sale as now. Distinguished men and women by the scores turn their thoughts to the past and record lovingly the smallest talk they can find there. If they are not distinguished, they tell with amazing particularity how they shook the hands of those who were. Of course one does not expect a volume of memoirs to grapple the attention like a masterpiece of fiction. It is the sort of reading that admits of book-marks. Yet who has not read during the last ten years reminiscences of court life, queens, dukes, and people who have met Tennyson, when the mind was turned loose to wander forty years at a time? It is usually a handsome volume with gilt edges and weighing about four pounds. From the frontispiece of Something Castle to the portrait of Somebody with side-whiskers there is a stretch that could be read by a normal person only in a prison-cell. If there is anything to look at, your attention is gone for an hour, and if a fly gets into the room your heart goes out to him. At the end of the evening you are well posted on the fly and still unacquainted with his Highness. To one distinguished person whose memory is preserved in current volumes of reminiscences there are a hundred whose memories are dissolved. What is left of their once strong characters cannot as a center of interest compete with the ticking of a clock. When Thackeray jeered at "fashionable fiddle-faddle and feeble court slip-slop," it was for the most part merely talked, but nowadays it is gathered and bound into fine stout volumes which are sold to Americans for three dollars apiece.

It is not true, as excited reviewers are exclaiming, that Gallatin's Diary is to be ranked with the books of Samuel Pepys or Benvenuto Cellini or that it abounds in "wisdom in human nature," but it is certainly a marked exception to the present rule. Among the personages on whom the young diarist comments more or less familiarly are Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom his father had an unpleasant interview during the Hundred Days; the Duke of Wellington, Alexander of Russia, Louis XVIII., the Duke of Berri, whose assassination

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young Gallatin witnessed and describes; Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Alexander von Humboldt, Madame de Staël, a relative and great admirer of his father, whom she consulted about her American property; Lafayette, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, who called her husband the "Corsican blackguard"; John Jacob Astor, who "ate his ice-cream and peas with a knife"; Count d'Orsay, Madame Récamier, George Canning, Charles Greville, Pozzo di Borgo, Châteaubriand—in short no small part of the entries in a dictionary of biography. Guesses, tittle-tattle, scandal, his own successes with women, accounts of balls, routs, drinking-parties, gambling, guillotinings, practical jokes—everything is jotted down without discrimination or discretion, save as it might reflect on his father or the glory of the Gallatin family. Those two subjects are sacred.

Albert Gallatin's opinion of Napoleon was expressed in a letter to Jefferson, November 27, 1815, which illustrates, by the way, the writer's imperfect command of English:

> Our opinion of Bonaparte is precisely the same. In that Lafayette's and the opinion of every friend of rational liberty did coincide. The return of that man was generally considered by them a curse. . . . I lament to see our republican editors so much dazzled by extraordinary actions or carried away by natural aversion to our only dangerous enemy as to take up the cause of that despot and conqueror, and to represent him as the champion of liberty who has been her most mortal enemy, where hatred to republican systems was founded on the most unbounded selfishness and on the most hearty contempt for mankind. I really wish that you would permit me to publish, or rather that you would publish your opinions on that subject.

The meeting with Napoleon, above mentioned, occurred on March 30, 1815:

> The audience at 10.30 this morning. I am not to go. . . . Father was not at all pleased with his interview. He says that the Emperor is brusque—that his speech is most vulgar. Joseph Bonaparte was present. I had better quote father's own words: "The Emperor first asked my advice on important financial matters, to which I gave my frank opinion. He then began to question me about Canada, also the slave trade. I replied, 'Sire, my position is such that on these subjects my lips are at present sealed.' He abruptly said, 'Then why did you come here?' Bowing, I answered, 'I obeyed your Majesty's command out of respect for the ruler of France, but as an envoy from the United States to England I am not my own master.' The Emperor, turning his back on me, walked to a window; I having backed out of the room, so ended our interview."

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But more characteristic of this youthful record than these grave matters are:

I was presented to a Madame Chapelle last night at the opera. She is a daughter of the Regent Orléans and Madame de Genlis. She is not pretty, but has great charm of manner—a *grande dame*. . . . Katinka Galitzin is pretty and full of fun; we get on capitally. . . . We had just commenced to sup when I heard a noise in the antechamber. My charmer exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu, je suis perdue, cachez-vous.*" I rushed behind a curtain The door opened, and to my dismay I recognized the voice of the Duc de Berri. . . . We heated francs and sous in the fire and threw them out of the window and watched the poor devils scramble for them, only to burn their fingers. . . . Madame Bonaparte talks of nothing else but "Bo," her son, and his marriage. As he is now only a fat boy, it is a little premature. . . .

July 4, New York.

A horrible day here; the noise of July 4 celebration intolerable. . . . The streets absolutely filthy and the heat horrible. No roads—no paths. I never realized the absolutely unfinished state of the American cities until I returned. The horrible chewing of tobacco—the spitting; all too awful.

In short, it is an admirable diary, full of trifles typical of class and period, superficial, careless, inadvertently illuminating. It owes its present value to the fact that its writer never stopped to think. The best diarists are those who never think. They must swim with the currents of their day, unresisting. Had Benvenuto Cellini had a grain of philosophy, a hundred charming pages would have been deleted, and what a mercy it was to posterity that Samuel Pepys never had a second thought. The good diarist should have a mind like a sun-dial, always in the same place, contributing nothing of its own, and anecdotes that delighted him at fifteen should continue to amuse him at fifty. The least reflection on the vanity of his subject would detract from his accuracy in social registration.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE TURMOIL. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1915.

The enjoyment of good fiction is like the enjoyment of good friendship: it is a thing easy to feel, but in the last analysis hard to explain. And in the case of such a novel as Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* it is the "last analysis" that counts. Ultimately the charm of this tale is as real and as elusive as is the personality of a friend. One would prefer, then, to take it for granted that Mr. Tarkington is in all respects a capable story-teller—that he understands fully the kind of American life he is writing about; that he knows how to draw character convincingly; that he may be trusted to invent along the lines of probability, and to dovetail his plot with skill. And, on the other hand, one would like to bring out as forcibly as possible the fact that there is in Mr. Tarkington's novels—and especially in this latest one, *The Turmoil*—a freshness and reality of interest such as it is within the power of few writers to produce.

This quality, of course, depends not upon art or special method, but upon an individuality of viewpoint, and a keen, catholic appreciativeness of life and of character that are native gifts. The writers who are thus gifted do not merely compel our interest by an insistent emotional appeal, or rivet our attention by the exactness of their pictures of life, or stir our curiosity by the vigor of their thought about human affairs, or hypnotize us with romantic sentiment: they write the novels that we read with perfectly spontaneous and uncritical interest, that we remember long, and that we not infrequently recur to. It is always a certain type of original and affording personality that we have to thank for the fine flower of our enjoyment in fiction—for that touch of vital magic that we have experienced in Scott, in Dickens, in Stevenson. That *The Turmoil* is the product of a definite kind of genius that we may perhaps venture to call pre-eminently novelistic—a kind of genius, imaginative, humane, versatile, and humorous, which finds a complete and congenial expression in novel-writing, and which produces what are for most readers the really satisfying novels—may be seen by many signs.

In the first place, the story is written throughout in a major key; its fundamental note is not the note of sentiment, or of melancholy, or of levity, but the note of happiness. Now, it seems to be comparatively easy in a novel to write in a manner ingeniously moody,

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violently earnest, or hyper-sentimental—to compose, in short, in one of the many minor keys. But to write in a major key is another matter. There are, of course, certain masterpieces of gloom; but, speaking in general, the ability to write sanely and cheerfully without being vapid or commonplace is the mark of true creativeness; and it is perhaps permissible in this connection to refer to the obvious fact that Shakespeare, who wrote the great tragedies, also wrote the great comedies. To write a novel of contemporary life with its scene in an unbeautiful American manufacturing city; to portray with adequate realism, and in full daylight, the smoke, the dirt, and the people; to refrain from romanticizing scene or psychology; to deal with elemental, vital motives, such as love and jealousy and the driving power of modern business ambition; and through it all never to be commonplace or depressing, but always to preserve a sense of the joy and interest of life, even enhancing the reader's sense of life's richness, livableness, worthwhileness—this would seem to be a task unmistakably requiring fertility of mind, buoyancy of temperament, that healthy and highly developed imagination that works wonders in fiction and in life.

The cheerfulness and essential optimism of Mr. Tarkington are pervasive. We are, as it were, constantly surprised that his "evidential facts" do not depress us. His description, for instance, of the city of his novel, is always sufficiently unsparing. "A midland city," it is, "in the heart of a fair open country, a dirty and wonderful city, nestling dingily in the fog of its own smoke. The stranger must feel the dirt before he feels the wonder, for the dirt will be upon him instantly. It will be upon him and within him, since he must breathe it, and he may care for no further proof that wealth is here better loved than cleanliness; but whether he cares or not, the negligently tended streets incessantly press home the point, and so do the flecked and grimy citizens. . . . The smoke is like the bad breath of a giant panting for more and more riches. . . . He has a hoarse voice, hot and rapacious, trained to one tune: 'Wealth! I will get Wealth! I will make Wealth! I will sell Wealth for more Wealth. My house shall be dirty, my garment shall be dirty, and I will foul my neighbor so that he cannot be clean—but I will get Wealth.'" Continually this impression is repeated and deepened. Than the atmosphere thus produced nothing could be more unesthetic, more inconsistent with that love of the finer things of life which Mr. Tarkington expresses with so much real feeling through his central character, "Bibbs" Sheridan. Yet there is never any minor complaint. Always, on the contrary, there is the glorious sense of life; for in this city there is nothing decaying or decadent; it has the vigor to throw off uncleanness. And the genius of it all, the elder Sheridan—narrow but lovable, often absurd but never contemptible, blind but gifted with the splendid strength to triumph over his mistakes, crude but endowed with a fundamental rightness of feeling that

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makes his crudities gracious — Sheridan, in spite of that lack of imaginative sympathy which begets unconscious cruelty — a lack that is almost a tragic frailty—is one of those strong, noble, and tonic personalities whose presence is incompatible with discouragement or with uncharitable thoughts. And in the end these impressions are summed up for us in an inspiring philosophy. Bibbs Sheridan, born to be a poet or story-writer, but compelled to serve the god of Bigness, —Bibbs, gazing out over the great, ugly city and asking the old, old question, What for?—catches "a glimmer of far, faint light." "He saw that Sheridan had all his life struggled and conquered, and must all his life go on struggling and inevitably conquering as part of a vast impulse not his own. Sheridan served blindly—but was the impulse blind? Bibbs asked himself if it was not he who had been in the greatest hurry, after all. The kiln must be fired before the vase is glazed, and the Acropolis was not crowned with marble in a day." This and the rest of Bibbs's revelation express no shallow optimism, but practical faith.

Besides this positive and sane cheerfulness, *The Turmoil* has another aspect that allies it with the richly affording type of novel. It is written with great ease and freedom and with plentiful humor. This is the mark of that kind of genius which finds the novel really its most natural form of expression, which puts into the novel all that it may best contain and nothing that strains the medium. Mr. Tarkington writes in a manner that seems familiar, offhand, even careless. One never perceives him laboring at his art. His humor even permits of an apparent irrelevance. The discussion between Bibbs and his colored attendant, George, about the egregiously and magnificently ugly statue of a Moor which pridefully adorns Sheridan's hall, is Shakespearian in its elemental and delightful foolery. George's childlike intelligence and active intuition, his seriousness and chuckling glee, are infectious; and his discovery of the wonderful word "lami*dal*" to describe the statue is a sheer stroke of genius. One cannot explain why George's "lami*dal*" is so brilliantly descriptive any more than one can tell exactly why Dogberry's "Reading and writing come by nature" is sublimely comic. There are some things that defy analysis. As a whole Mr. Tarkington's novel is so pervaded by humor—so quaintly lighted by it, as a room by firelight—that although we perceive this humor everywhere, warming to sympathy or deepening to philosophy, there is danger, not of our failing to appreciate the story, but of our undervaluing its real strength and bigness. Anything so natural and spontaneous is likely to be taken too much for granted.

But the special and indispensable element in Mr. Tarkington's novelistic gift is, of course, his singular power of creating character, of rendering that irreducible something that resides in human personality, giving it dignity and charm. It is really this element in novels which causes that curiously direct and stimulating pleasure which all readers with

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a cultivated taste for fiction seek. Without it fiction is as flat as poetry without beauty or as unfermented wine. For a little of this pleasure we are willing to read through much dull narrative; Mr. Tarkington's narrative, which is anything but dull, affords this pleasure lavishly. Almost as soon as we have met one of the persons of *The Turmoil* we begin to think of his sayings and doings as "characteristic." Of Bibbs Sheridan we in a way know what to expect from the first, yet we never know exactly what to expect. His personality makes itself felt with a distinctness of impression and a familiarity like that of living acquaintances, and like a living person he is spontaneous, more or less surprising, and unaccountable. We can never discover his equation. In Mary Vertrees we have an even subtler manifestation of the same power. Mary Vertrees is a typical Tarkington heroine; she is drawn with a reserve that gives her a certain ethereal quality and a certain fascinating aloofness. She has few grossly seizable traits, yet all the more is one aware of her distinct individuality, as well as of the essential femininity of her pride and gentleness, of her clearness of soul, and her maternal insight. Hers is one of those personalities that make themselves felt as positive and to be reckoned with, even on the slightest acquaintance and without especial self-assertion. Of the elder Sheridan it is enough to say that we smile at him and respect him; this singularly complex reaction can only be produced by a personality that really lives. As for those less likable and more transparent persons, Bibbs's callow sister, Edith, and his shallow, selfish sister-in-law, Sibyl—both infatuated with the same speciously attractive young scapegrace, and violently jealous of each other—their behavior is so beautifully instinctive, they have such excellent self-justifications, they are so reasonably unreasonable, and so sublimely unconscious of their own crudities and limitations, that their humanity is unmistakable. Such characters, too elemental for a certain kind of ingenious analysis, are all too often the merest puppets; but in *The Turmoil* they are immensely lifelike.

The final proof of Mr. Tarkington's positive fertility of mind is the fact that, although he is quite free from the unbearable fault of straining for effect, he scarcely by any chance says a thing just as any one else might say it. To him in rather a particular way applies a remark of G. K. Chesterton's which contains at least an illuminating half-truth. "The only serious reason," says Mr. Chesterton, "which I can imagine inducing any one person to listen to any other person is that the first person looks to the second person with an ardent faith and a fixed attention, expecting him to say what he does not expect him to say." This paradoxical expectation Mr. Tarkington never disappoints. Steering equally clear of benumbing commonplace and false brilliancy, he finds the golden way of truth, interest, genuine humor.

In plot *The Turmoil* is simply the working out by real people of a situation, if not ordinary, at least not at all hard to believe in. Sheri-

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dan is the American self-made man, at almost his strongest and crudest. His son Bibbs, dreamy, shrewd, a semi-invalid, and a vexatious puzzle to his father, is brought home from a sanitarium to be put right into the business—to become a slave of Bigness, like his exemplary brothers. Bibbs does not like it; he questions the sanity of it all; he wants to be a writer. There is a clash of wills between Sheridan and his son, in which one's sympathy at first—until life readjusts matters—is wholly with the misunderstood boy. Next door to the Sheridan palace lives Mary Vertrees, the daughter of parents once rich, but now reduced to shabby gentility—a girl of high breeding and high soul. Mary feels it her duty to marry for money, but when it comes to the critical point she cannot. Instead she falls beautifully in love with Bibbs; but, unfortunately, this becomes apparent to others just after the death of Sheridan's eldest son, whom, as it seemed, she had been trying to ensnare. The story turns out, one feels, as it would have to in life, and, though it turns out happily, the grimest realism could hardly produce a stronger impression of inevitableness. When one has finished reading it, the conviction is borne in upon one that Mr. Tarkington is neither a realist, nor a romanticist, nor a localist, nor an impressionist, nor any special kind of literary artist, but simply a complete novelist, of that type and temperament which, on the whole, has added most to the world's sum of imaginative enjoyment and right feeling.

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE. By H. W. C. DAVIS, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Treitschke was not, of course, the grand originator of that German concept of life which is now being put to so tragic a test. Like all thinkers but those of the very first rank, he was quite as much the product of his times as the molder of them. With real eloquence and insight he formulated general ideas such as would explain and justify the progress of the German Empire; and because he was singularly gifted with that more or less unequal mixture of strong feeling and abstract reason which often passes for sublimated common sense, he was able to give a certain impetus and direction to the political tendencies of which he approved. Through Treitschke's thought there runs a vein of passionate practicality, an optimism apparently based not upon ideals, but upon realities. His reasoning strips the idea of liberty of its false glamour, but preserves its substance as an attainable human good. The aristocratic principle he regards as a law of nature; it is necessary, he thinks, that millions should slave in order that a few thousands may be students or painters or poets. But this is not a thing to be deplored, because the essentials of happiness, which depend upon other faculties than the intellect, are as open to the toiling millions as to the cultured few. War, too, is not merely a necessary evil, but a thing to glory in—a position supported

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by many familiar arguments. Treitschke was very human—that is, he was, as all Germans are said to be, pre-eminently a man of feeling. He therefore pictures a cosmos into which one may conceivably enter with zest, and he seems to have in mind, even in his most iconoclastic mood, the conserving of human values. In short, one feels that on his philosophic side Treitschke is no mere devil's advocate, but simply one of the long line of thinkers who have endeavored to make the world more habitable by reconciling humanity to its conditions. It is easy to understand the persuasiveness of his writings apart from their appeal to German patriotism.

Nor can he be held personally responsible for certain extreme views thought to be consequences of his teachings. To be sure, he defended the principle that treaties hold good only *rebus sic stantibus*, but he never recommended the policy of merely pretending to respect treaties until the opportune moment arrives for violating them. Nowhere do his writings reveal anything like an absolute contempt for international law; and although, as President Hadley has pointed out, it is an obviously weak point in his system that he allowed far too little weight and significance to international public opinion, Treitschke was ethical by instinct and intention.

And yet, despite his sincerity, his clear vision of facts, his occasional visions of truth, Treitschke was by no means a profound or a thoroughly trustworthy thinker. His contributions to the philosophy of history seem, in fact, no more considerable than those of Haeckel to metaphysics. Just as Haeckel, who was primarily a scientist, extended his point of view into philosophy with a degree of blindness to some fundamental distinctions, so Treitschke, reasoning from the point of view of a practical statesman, as much as from that of philosopher, expands his doctrines to almost their farthest extent without seeming to be aware of certain inconsistencies. There is in him a kind of dangerous dogmatism, an overconfidence in the universal validity of the point of view derived from his special studies. If he had not generalized, if instead of making a sort of patriotic religion of his beliefs, he had merely set himself the task of showing the advantages of the Prussian system to Germany and of criticizing the systems of other nations from a Prussian point of view, hostile critics could find little unsoundness in him.

Such, at least, is the impression made upon a fairly unbiased mind by a perusal of Mr. Davis's book, which consists chiefly of extracts from Treitschke's principal works, interspersed with brief explanatory comments and criticisms. Treitschke's views, the author notes, were developed through years of controversy—a fact which in part explains their rather obvious lack of unity and moderation. There is, indeed, a vast difference between the liberalism expressed by the historian in his early work, *Die Freiheit*, and the sterner doctrines formulated in the more mature and comprehensive treatise *Die Politik*. Into the latter, Mr. Davis tells us, Treitschke

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"wove the best of the political ideas which he had elaborated in his essays from *Die Freiheit* onward. These ideas did not always benefit by transplantation from their original context into an academic oration. Half-truths, which are salutary correctives to the equally one-sided views of an opponent, may become monstrous paradoxes when the original debate is forgotten." One cannot but admit the truth of this; yet if one finds a certain aberration in Treitschke's thought, one is inclined to look deeper for the cause. And this cause ultimately seems to be that, no matter of what the historian is professedly writing, he is really thinking of Germany, of the benefits of Prussian hegemony, of the effects of the wars of 1860 and 1870.

In August, 1870, he published an essay discussing the terms of peace which he thought Germany entitled to demand, and incidentally defining his views of the right of a State to annex territory. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, he argued, was both legitimate and necessary, and in the main he put his case upon more or less defensible grounds; but in a part of his reasoning one cannot resist the belief that the thought of Germany's destiny and that alone determined his doctrine. "We Germans," he wrote, "who know both Germany and France, know better what is for the good of the Alsatians than do these unhappy people themselves, who, in the perverse conditions of a French life, have been denied any true knowledge of modern Germany. We desire, even against their will, to restore them to themselves. . . . The spirit of a nation embraces successive as well as contemporary generations. Against the misguided wills of those who are living now we invoke the wills of those who lived before them. We call to witness all those strong German men who once impressed the stamp of our spirit on the speech, the customs, the art, and the social life of the Upper Rhine."

Indeed, the reader of Mr. Davis's extracts from *Die Politik* may not unreasonably feel that the whole is primarily an exposition of German methods and aspirations rather than a complete political philosophy. It even seems that Treitschke sometimes fails to distinguish adequately between the two. Yet he does show a desire to give his doctrines general validity and to make them acceptable to the mind and conscience of the world. In his reasoning one sees at work a process of adjustment between traditional ethical beliefs and the newer gospel of force—a process that results in compromise and sometimes in a lack of consistency.

Thus, while Treitschke adopts the Aristotelian conception of the State as a being infinitely superior to the individual, he makes the important reservation that the individual's conscience is to remain free; yet he holds that in all matters with which Church and State have an equal concern the latter should be supreme, and that the State has a right to enforce a certain measure of religious uniformity. In effect, then, as Mr. Davis points out, Treitschke reduces the State's obligation of non-interference to "a bare duty not to inquire about

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the faith of an individual so long as he refrains from expressing his faith in action." Again in maintaining the thesis that there is no such thing as a universal moral law applicable to States, Treitschke fell foul of the objection that without some kind of moral standard no progress is conceivable. This difficulty he felt to be real, but he disposed of it in the most summary way. "Here," he declared, "conscience has the last word. The craving of the individual conscience for individual perfection leads to the conviction that humanity as a whole experiences the same craving for perfection. And this proof arrived at by practical reasoning is the only one of any importance." Insisting strenuously that the ideal of a world State embracing all humanity is unnatural and repulsive, he gave his argument, as it were, a theological turn that seems to do away with moral objections to State egoism. "It would be impossible to realize all that is meant by civilization in any single State. . . . The rays of divine light reveal themselves in broken form in different peoples, each of whom manifests a new shape and a new conception of Godhead." The State may become a *Culturstaat*, but, primarily, *der Staat ist Macht;* it may be more than this, but this at least it must be. The State must indeed respect public opinion, the moral sense of the world; yet self-preservation is not only its chief, but also its highest duty. Finally Treitschke's discussion of the right of a subject to resist commits him to the position that the majority, or at any rate the stronger party, may do what it would be wrong for the individual to attempt.

Doubtless Treitschke wrote with a sincere zeal for truth, strong in the thought that it is the highest morality to discard false moral concepts for truth's sake, and by no means desirous, like Nietzsche, of turning the morals of the world upside down. Nevertheless, as a political philosopher he is far from completely convincing, and it is not easy to believe that his views would have obtained wide acceptance but for the fact that they embodied German aspirations and expanded with them. As a critic he is often penetrating, and his analyses of the ideas of liberty, of party government, of nationalism, are instructive. The extracts which Mr. Davis has made from Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert* consist of pungent criticisms of English institutions, policies, and men, showing how similar in letter and spirit were the German beliefs about England in 1879 and in 1914, and emphasizing in a striking manner the conviction that since 1832 England has been a decadent nation.

Mr. Davis's comments are pointed, but moderate in tone; they are made in the unimpassioned spirit of pure scholarship.

THE CONGO AND OTHER POEMS. By VACHEL LINDSAY. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

The title-poem of Mr. Lindsay's new book of verse belongs to a group of singular metrical compositions which are intended, the

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author tells us, to be read aloud or chanted. "The Congo: A Study of the Negro Race," begins thus:

> Fat, black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
> Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
> Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
> Pounded on the table,
> Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
> Hard as they were able,
> Boom, boom, BOOM
> With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
> Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
> THEN I had religion. THEN I had a vision.
> I could not turn from their revel in derision.
> THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
> CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

If one's conventional tastes are repelled by a certain unbeautifulness of language and a seeming fatuity in lines such as this—if, indeed, the whole composition strikes one as an effort to combine the aims of impressionism with the methods of the nursery rhyme—one is to remember that poetry such as this is to be read aloud or chanted—and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Lindsay would fain restore the "primitive singing of poetry." For an explanation of just what this means we are referred to a passage in Prof. Edward Bliss Reed's volume on *The English Lyric*. "With the Greeks," writes Professor Reed, "song was an all-embracing term. It included the crooning of the nurse to the child, . . . the half-sung chant of the mower or the sailor, . . . the formal ode sung by the poet. In all Greek lyrics, even in the choral odes, music was the handmaid of verse. . . . The poet himself composed the accompaniment. Euripides was censured because Iophon assisted him in the musical setting of some of his dramas." Surely one is predisposed to favor any effort toward making poetry a more popular, a more vital thing; for the sake of so good a result, one is prepared even to swallow a rather large mouthful of seeming absurdity. The invitation, too, to return to primitive things, for the sake of their freshness and spontaneity, is always persuasive. One may venture to remark, however, that the tendency to go "back to nature" is liable to lead to some rather strange extravagances: it is anti-evolutionary; it is, to use a now somewhat discredited term, "atavistic." Through all the ages poetry, singing, and speechifying have tended to differentiate themselves and to develop each in its own way, with the result that while some modern verse has a most exquisite singing quality, it is for the most part quite unfitted for being set to music, and in most cases gains comparatively little in effect—loses, indeed, something of its intimacy and warmth—through being read aloud. Proper appreciation of Mr. Lindsay's experiments in the restoration of primitive singing seems to require of us that we take our poetic enjoyment in somewhat the same manner as do drum-beating savages.

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But to consider thus is perhaps to consider too curiously. One is not so much frightened by seeming "atavism" as by the threat to impose upon us a new form of elocution. It is the feeling that with us the primitive singing of verse would become merely a drawing-room amusement, unworthy of the dignity of poetry, that strikes one cold. One's instinct protests that the thing could never be really primitive or really spontaneous; that it would simply result in a more violent phase of that form of entertainment which is neither good singing nor good acting nor good reading. Incidentally, it may be said that the chanter of Mr. Lindsay's verses must, like Cicero's orator, have good lungs. He must be able to sing or declaim "with the heavy buzzing base of fire-engines pumping"; to speak "with snapping explosiveness"; to imitate the wind in the chimney; to roar "like a train-caller in a Union Depot." He must also have a mind of some subtlety; he must know what is meant by a "philosophic pause and how to express himself on occasion with "great deliberation and ghostliness."

Among the "other poems" of the Congo volume there are many verses of the ordinary not-to-be-read-aloud kind. These are, in general, impressionistic, sometimes very striking in imagery, almost always colorful, and, in general, such as many a reader may take great joy in. The opening lines of "A Rhyme about an Electrical Advertising Sign" may be quoted as illustrating the poet's power of vivid realization and also his note of actuality:

> I look on the specious electrical light,
> Blatant, mechanical, crawling, and white,
> Wickedly red or malignantly green
> Like the beads of a young Senegambian queen,
> Showing, while millions of souls hurry on,
> The virtues of collars from sunset till dawn,
> By dart or by tumble of whirl within whirl,
> Starting new fads for the shame-weary girl,
> By maggoty motions in sickening line
> Proclaiming a hat or a soup or a wine,
> While there far above the steep cliffs of the street
> The stars sing a message illusive and sweet.

It is disappointing that the poet who wrote this vivid passage should content himself with the strident commonplace of such effusions as the one entitled "Who Knows?" in which Mr. Lindsay makes rhetorical inquiries about the alleged madness of certain European kings. He asks:

> Is Europe, then, to be their sprawling place?
> Their madhouse, till it turns the wide world's bane?
> Their place of maudlin slavering conference
> Till every far-off farmstead goes insane?

In general, those poems of Mr. Lindsay's that have reference to the European war are not his best.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

APPRECIATION

HIGH COMMISSIONER.

COMMONWEALTH OFFICES,
72 VICTORIA STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S. W.

SIR,—What a wonderful century for the United States and the world, as well as for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW! The long-sustained achievements of your magnificent REVIEW fill my memory with perennial vistas of mental beauty,—noble monuments of intellectual power,—living waters leaping to the sunshine and gliding into the heart of hidden things.

Your REVIEW is worthy alike of the Young Mother of Freedom, and of her great Ancestress.

Like them you have always shown what justice and good faith can accomplish for those whose appeals to force come last of all.

G. W. REID.

SIR,—I desire to extend to the management of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and to you personally, my sincere congratulations upon the advent of the one-hundredth anniversary of your good magazine. The existence of any institution for that length of time is certainly due to great merit, and I feel that I am voicing the sentiment of many thousands of people when I say that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a periodical of which every American should be proud. I have this day ordered my subscription renewed.

SIMON J. STRAUS.

LIGONIER, INDIANA.

SIR,—Although of opposite political faith, I desire to thank you for the excellent editorials which have appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW within the past five or six months. I have read them with great interest and always wonder "how you do it." Your editorials on the European war situation and on the political outlook in this country are quite illuminating. Nor is there anything in any of the current magazines quite so interesting as the reprints in your "100th Anniversary Year."

SAMUEL H. THOMPSON.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

SIR,—After reading the hundredth-anniversary number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I was not at all astonished at it flourishing throughout the last century. It was a real pleasure to read the manuscripts of such great men as Thomas Jefferson, John Q. Adams, and Benjamin Franklin; also the poems of Byron and William C. Bryant. I can readily see what a

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prominent part THE REVIEW has played in forming this great Republic of ours. We see, from the letters passed between Jefferson and Adams, that great men differed in their opinions as to war and its maintenance then as well as now.

I have had the pleasure of reading but one other copy of THE REVIEW besides the January number of 1915. I am delighted with it and am sorry that the people in Georgia and in the South are not thirsty for such periodicals as it is. I regret that the inferior periodicals of fiction and romance fill the news-stands down here instead of such bounteous storehouses of knowledge as THE REVIEW. I hope to witness the day when all the news-stands in our Southland will have to supplant the inferior periodicals with such as THE REVIEW, causing us to aspire to a higher plane of knowledge.

I realize what the trouble is down here. Our people are not educated to think for themselves and do not realize their duty in regard to education. We need an awakening along this line.

I see the need of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in every home in our Southland, and, were each home advanced in culture to appreciate it, we would develop a high standard of civilization, attaining a *real true democratic republic.*

I felt duty bound to express to you and your associated writers my appreciation of your ancient as well as up-to-date periodical through this medium.

ROBERT L. MILLER.

MONROE, GA.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

SIR,—I wish to make a confession and a request.

I do not like to go on record with an admission of failure in anything, and yet after seven years of iteration and reiteration it seems to me that I have not succeeded in making clear two points that are most frequently discussed in connection with the liquor problem.

One of these is that "prohibition" is not intended to prohibit. The second is that dragon's-tooth question, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, do the liquor men oppose prohibition?"

Having made my confession, I wish now to make my request, and this is, that you give careful consideration to the following very earnest attempt to make clear these points.

Not long ago, the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, one of the members of one of the prohibition flying squadrons, was speaking in Chicago, and in the course of his speech said:

> I was in New York. I found a little girl three years old, working with her hands to make a few cents at eight o'clock at night.
>
> There are many hundreds such in New York.
>
> That child's father is a drunkard. There are thousands of such drunkards and of such children in the cities of this country.
>
> We purpose to abolish the drunkard and rescue the child.

On such grounds is the prohibition movement based. The prohibition oration pictures actual or exaggerated evils growing out of the abuse of the use of liquor, and then proceeds to demand, not the abolition of the use of liquor, but what is called the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

With the possible exception of one case, now being tested in the courts,

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there is in America to-day, after more than half a century of prohibition agitation and legislation, not one prohibition law that prevents the lawful purchase, possession, and use of liquor; nor is there a prohibition law that is intended to prevent even the drunkard from obtaining a drink.

Only in license territory are there laws against furnishing liquor to inebriates. There is not a drunkard in all the prohibition territory in the United States who has not the lawful right to purchase, possess, and use liquor, and I charge that this lawful right to purchase liquor has been preserved for the drunkard, even as it has been preserved for the liquor-drinking prohibitionist, by the Anti-Saloon League of America and by the Prohibition party.

Why, in the State of Kentucky, at the last session of the Legislature the Anti-Saloon League of Kentucky pushed through our Legislature a bill repealing the law that prevented the shipping of liquor from the license counties of Kentucky to those that were under prohibition. The reason for this was that the county-option movement had come to a standstill in Kentucky.

Under the old law, citizens in prohibition counties had the right to order and receive from Kentucky dealers, provided it was sent out of the state before being sent to the prohibition county. This was inconvenient and often caused some little delay in obtaining liquor supplies; and because it proved unpopular in the prohibition counties and because the Anti-Saloon League intended to call elections in other counties and hoped to win them, it caused the repeal of this "inconvenient law." The result is that now, under a law passed by the Legislature at the request of the Anti-Saloon League, liquor can be shipped from any county in Kentucky to any other county in Kentucky.

This is a sample of the kind of legislation that the Anti-Saloon League offers for putting a stop to drunkenness and for keeping three-year-old children from having to work for a living.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams has expressed this point so clearly in an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal* that I would like to quote him as follows:

> To me, at least, it seems obvious that the only thing that has kept the prohibition movement before the people of the United States is the simple fact that prohibition does not prohibit.

The prohibitionists continue to drum it into the ears of the people that prohibition does not prohibit because the liquor men will not permit it to prohibit, whereas the actual truth is that prohibition does not prohibit because the prohibitionists will actively fight the adoption of any law intended to cut off the individual's supply of liquor in prohibition territory.

When confronted with these facts, the Anti-Saloon League's speakers and writers do not deny them. They seek to beg the question by repeating the query, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, do the liquor men oppose prohibition?"

By asking this question, they get the public's mind away from the more pertinent question, "Why, if prohibition is not intended to prohibit, does the Anti-Saloon League solicit funds in behalf of prohibition?" Or, "Why, if prohibition does not prohibit, is prohibition supposed to prevent either the use or the abuse of liquor?"

The men who have invested their money and time and labor in the various branches of the liquor business and in collateral trades object to prohibition individually because it threatens to, and often does, destroy the business

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of individuals, and it is only natural that these individuals should work together in opposition to prohibition.

The retailer opposes prohibition because prohibition destroys his right to continue in the liquor business in the locality where prohibition is adopted.

The wholesaler objects to prohibition because it puts his customer, the retailer, out of business and to that extent breaks up his established trade.

The distiller objects to prohibition because what hurts the wholesaler interferes with the distiller's established trade.

But these individual losses do not bring about a loss to the liquor business as a whole. The business that is lawfully done under the license system through the saloon is done lawfully under the mail-order system in prohibition territory.

Of course, if we had nation-wide prohibition, the distilleries as at present conducted would be put out of business; but even nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by Mr. Hobson's resolution recently defeated, would not reduce the consumption of alcoholic beverages, because the adroit measure, while purporting to prevent the manufacture of liquor for sale and the transportation of liquor for sale, would permit the manufacture and transportation of liquor for use.

Under nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by the Congressional spokesman for the Anti-Saloon League, present-day moonshine stills, which the Federal authorities are unable to suppress in prohibition territory, would have the right to manufacture liquor without hindrance from revenue officers.

Every farmer could have his still-house and his winery, and as it would be lawful to sell liquor for medicinal purposes, there is no reason to suppose that even nation-wide prohibition, as proposed by the Anti-Saloon League, is intended to prohibit either the use or the abuse of liquor.

As the situation now stands, the prohibitionists are demanding that the States surrender their police powers, centralize government at Washington, confiscate private property without compensation, make a mockery of civil liberty and local self-government, and all for the purpose of sustaining in affluence the promoters of a movement that is not even intended to reduce the use of liquor.

That the prohibition movement has not reduced the consumption of liquor is shown by the following accurate table, compiled from the Government's revenue records:

Fiscal Year	Per Capita Distilled Spirits (Gallons)	Per Capita Fermented Liquors (Gallons)	Total Per Capita (Gallons)
1896.....	.86	15.66	16.52
1914.....	1.38	20.74	22.12

Total increase—Annual per capita, 5.60 gallons.

Considering these facts—and they are facts—don't you think that the prohibition movement has reached a point where its sincerity should be questioned and its leaders called upon to show cause for their demand for prohibition that is not intended to prohibit?

I am, sir,

LOUISVILLE, KY. J. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

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A NAVY FOR REASONABLE PROTECTION

SIR,—In the midst of popular clamor for a larger navy, we may profitably remember a warning to America uttered by Sydney Smith a century ago, and moderate our enthusiasm accordingly:

> David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.
>
> We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes upon everything on earth and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at bed or at board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent. into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

This admonition, spoken in the early part of the nineteenth century, is even more timely to-day, and any one writing from a tax-ridden European country would subscribe to every article in it. By all means let us have reasonable protection; but let us not be carried away by an un-American ambition to have "the greatest fleet on earth."

CONSUMER.

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CENSORSHIP APPROVED

SIR,—I have read with some interest and more amusement the article by Sydney Brooks on the "Press in War-Time." Its egotism is characteristic of the breed. I well remember how a member of the Guild immediately set out for Tokio as soon as it was known that a war with Russia was inevitable, and offered his services as adviser to the War Office. Poor fellow, he is dead now, but in the light of later events how ridiculous his whole performance! Equally so would be the masterly effort of the writer of the "Press in War-Time" "to expose defects that in the interests of the services themselves ought to be exposed."

If the press of any country would refrain from stimulating the people to support their government because their representatives were forbidden access to the firing-line, treason could go no further. If the trained and elected

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officials of the government and naval and military forces of any government could not guard its interests, how could the fresh correspondent do any better?

We all know how our war correspondents bungled over our own affairs in Cuba, how only the grace of God prevented a dozen or more of them being shot, which would have been their just deserts and would have been their fate in any other country on earth.

We all remember the round-robin which might have cost us our entire army had we been fighting with any other people, and now that the Oriental has shown us the way to fight battles and win victories by leaving the conduct of the affairs of war in the hands of men trained to the business unhampered by premature exposure of plans, let us not return to the idiotic custom which has murdered more men than were ever killed in any properly conducted campaign.

J. H. Morie.

San Francisco, California.

OUR GERMAN CITIZENS

Sir,—I was struck by the letter of A. Busse, Ph,D., Professor in Hunter College, New York, published in the January number of The Review. The question as to the real citizenship of the Germans residing in America seems to be pretty thoroughly answered. They seem to know no obligation to this country. In this connection it would be interesting to learn who gave the word which was passed east, west, north, and south. Was it Dr. Dernburg who gave the order? If so, he seems to be abusing his hospitality.

J. Ward Wickersham.

Detroit, Michigan.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MANUFACTURERS

Sir,—You take the ground that Mr. Bryan was not justified in his contention that manufacturers suspended operations before election in order to arouse opposition to the new tariff law. Perhaps this is so, generally speaking, but the inclosed clipping from the *Times* of November 8th, if true, seems to indicate that the manufacturers of Pennsylvania were not averse to the re-election of Senator Penrose. We know that the war conditions, and not the tariff, caused the suspension of activities in Pennsylvania, but, curiously enough, the announcement of renewed activities did not come until after election. Possibly it is a coincidence, and not a result of desire not to renew activities until after election. It seems strange, however, that all of these companies should not be aware that they had all these orders and that they intended to resume operations in time to announce such orders and intentions prior to election.

Cyrus C. Miller.

New York City.

FROM A SCOFFER

Sir,—Permit me to quote: "Great Britain and France, for example, have developed their great colonial holdings in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific without any thought that an armed clash over them ever would occur." Has the sage

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forgotten the little incident of the champagne from Kitchener to a certain daring French explorer? No? Yes?

May I ask you a question, dear sir? Why these tears that are wetting the soil of our country for Belgium when our country is sprinkled with ruined refugees from Mexico, of our own blood, who can cap every horror from Flanders with another and worse?

Why "poor Belgians" now and "questionable adventurers" then? Yes? No?

Nothing like the dramatic to touch the pocket-nerve and the tear-duct, is there?

La! la! it is a sad world and we need amusement, so please do not grow too fond of our watchful waiter who never brings our order; you are so much more amusing when you are not fond of people.

A little bit in another article in your magazine (which alone among magazines is almost worth its—well, its editor), a trifle, a mere trifle, about the slowness of recruiting in England caught my eye. Will you permit a parody?

The tumult and the shoutings rise;
But ever steadfast in our might
Still stands our ancient sacrifice,
Some other man to fight our fight.

FORREST HALSEY.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, 1878.

EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

Edward Tyrrell Channing was born in Newport, Rhode Island, December, 1790. He entered Harvard University in 1804, but did not make his graduation, as he was one of the students involved in the famous rebellion of 1807. He did, however, receive his degree later, and in 1851 the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The group of young men in Boston who in the winter of 1814–15 began the enterprise of publishing The North American Review appointed committees to consider contributions, and President Kirkland, of Harvard University, was in favor of the undertaking. "The first meeting was attended by several persons, of whom, in a memorandum found among his papers, Mr. Channing could only recollect, besides himself, President Kirkland, Richard H. Dana, and Mr. Phillips. The results of this meeting were given by Mr. Channing in a letter to his friend, Mr. George Ticknor, then at Washington, dated December 10, 1814." [1] The Review came into being with William Tudor, Jr., as its first editor, who in turn was succeeded by Willard Phillips, and then for a short time by Mr. Sparks, who later held the editorship for a number of years. Mr. Sparks edited for one year, when it was undertaken by Mr. Channing, assisted by his cousin, Richard H. Dana, both being under the age of thirty. In 1819, at the age of twenty-eight, Mr. Channing was appointed professor of rhetoric and oratory at Cambridge. This terminated his editorship of The Review, and he was succeeded by Edward Everett. Mr. Channing held the professorship for thirty-two years, and his reputation for pure style, and for exquisite taste and judgment in English literature, has been long established. He was an able classical scholar, and the evidence of this is easily seen in the essays published in The Review. In politics he was a Federalist, and "his sympathies were always with the efforts for reasonable and responsible systems of freedom,

[1] Memoirs by Richard H. Dana, Jr., to a volume of *Lectures to Harvard Seniors*, by E. T. Channing.

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at home or abroad." He never published a book, but he was widely known for his contributions to THE REVIEW and other periodicals. He died at Boston in 1856.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the fourth editor of THE REVIEW, and eminent essayist, poet, and scholar, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 15, 1787. He, too, was a student in Harvard College when the famous rebellion occurred among the undergraduates, and he in company with numerous others was dismissed from the institution. When an attempt was made to reinstate some of these young recalcitrants his pride forbade his considering it, and he pursued his education along less prescribed lines. His interest in literature manifested itself in early life, and his association with the groups of young men who projected the plan to publish THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was an obvious recognition of his tastes and ability. The cousins, Edward Tyrrell Channing and Richard Henry Dana, were associated together on THE REVIEW for several years, each in turn acting as editor. But when Mr. Channing accepted a professorship at Harvard Mr. Dana broke his editorial connection with the periodical, but continued for many years to be one of its valued contributors. His review of Irving's *Sketch Book*, which appeared in THE REVIEW, was one of his notable essays, and it is a matter of note that his interest in that form of literature led him to come to New York and begin a publication similar to the *Salmagundi* papers, under the title *The Idle Man*. This venture was of short duration, although aided by his old friend, William Cullen Bryant. He was pre-eminently a critic, and his reputation was considerable as having brought to the notice of American readers the new school of English poets represented at that time by Wordsworth and Coleridge. The last years of his life were passed at Cambridge, where his leisure became occupation in the pursuits of a scholarly gentleman. He died in 1879.

"ROB ROY"

BY EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

The Third Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1818*

Rob Roy, by the author of *Waverley, Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, James Eastburn & Co., 1818.

IT is not possible that the fame or attraction of these writings should be increased, by fixing them upon any living author,—there is no living author, who would not add to his celebrity by owning them. If the writer, however, chooses to hide himself and 'feed unenvied' upon his glory, it is his own affair—we wish for his name, merely that we may refer to him more conveniently.

Some of his tales are admirable histories of Scotland, all of them lie chiefly there, and most of the characters are natives. His own country is the home and school of his genius—it is familiar to him, and thus, as the scene of his stories, it gives them an air of easy reality. He

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found it a new and unexhausted country in fiction, at least for his purposes; on all sides there was a boundless variety and striking distinctness in the face of the earth, the modes of life and the character of man, and just such a union of the chivalrous and wild with the later habits of a busier and more worldly race, as would enable him to be at once a poet and a practical, philosophical observer.

We have here his fifth tale, founded upon Scottish character, manners, antiquities and scenery. Like the others, it is supported in some measure by fact, and all are faithful sketches of society and nature at different periods. They have the truth, without the formality and limitations of history, for men here are grouped and at work, very much as they are in life; society never stands still and is never lost sight of, that battles may be fought or great men display themselves,—the anvil is ringing, as well that the poor traveller's beast may not go unshod, as that the soldier may be equipped, who is to fight for a realm. . . .

The author is extremely generous to his characters. He is never afraid of them, or anxious to give you a full preparatory account of them, to excite your interest, or save you from mistakes. If a man has any individuality, he is sure to have fair play; and it is more than probable that you will at first be told, merely how he is regarded by people about him; and if you receive a wrong impression, you may correct it as you go along, just as you are set right in the living world. The profusion and huddle of characters and interests make no disturbance and jostling, which are not sufficiently balanced. It is but setting powers against each other, so as to keep up a perpetual agitation. . . .

If we were asked, which of the tales we liked most, we should say, The Antiquary; and which least,—Rob Roy. But this is a very shallow sort of criticism, and a very unfair way to treat the present work. It has blemishes enough as a whole; but how many parts are there,—perfectly new ones too,—which could come from no other mind on earth! The descriptions of Scottish scenery appear to us as fine as any in the other stories; and we have rarely felt that we were looking upon old prospects. We have here many new and very minute views of Highland manners and usages, and much eloquent expression of the wild, free character and feelings of the mountaineers. It may not be easy to find in the other tales more graphic descriptions of buildings, especially their interior, than are given here. We do not allude merely to the Hall and the cathedral. The author is perhaps even more successful in the Highland hovel, and in the contrast between its smoke and filth, its wretched furniture and vulgar brawls, and the fresh, tranquil, pastoral beauties which surround it. He always delights in the picturesque effect of such scenes. But we must not go over the ground again. On the whole, there is matter here for a better book, and proofs on all hands that the author is not exhausted, that he has not yet forsaken invention and become an artisan.

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"THE SKETCH BOOK"

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA
Fourth Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1819*

"The Sketch Book" of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. No. 1. No. II. New York. C. P. Van Winkle, 1819.

WHEN Launcelot Langstaff, Will Wizard and Anthony Evergreen first appeared before the public, they made known that 'they should not puzzle their heads to give an account of themselves, for two reasons; first, because it was nobody's business; secondly, because if it were, they did not hold themselves bound to attend to any body's business but their own'; and the most that could be gotten from them was, 'there are three of us, Bardolph, Peto and I'. This cavalier air, together with the mystery, and the bold declaration, 'we care not what the public think of us,' put the public upon guessing and thinking about them and nothing else. Whether it was the sagacity of the people, or that eagerness to be found out, which we see in little children at hide-and-go-seek, which discovered them, we cannot tell, but it was not long before the authors of Salmagundi were as well known as their writings. Probably the secrecy was a mere matter of sport, and that after it had served its turn, they cared little whether they were known or not. It is now well understood who the gentlemen were, and that Mr. Washington Irving was the principal contributor to the work. Knickerbocker, which was published not long after, was written wholly by him, as are also the numbers of the Sketch Book which have just appeared.

We have to thank Mr. Irving for being the first to begin and persevere in works which may be called purely literary. His success has done more to remove our anxiety for the fate of such works, than all we have read or heard about the disposition to encourage American genius.

Mr. Irving's success does not rest, perhaps, wholly upon his merit, however great. Salmagundi came out in numbers, and a little at a time. With a few exceptions it treated of the city—what was seen and felt, and easy to be understood by those in society? It had to do with the present and real, not the distant and ideal. It was exceedingly pleasant morning or after-dinner reading, never taking up too much of a gentleman's time from his business and pleasures, nor so exalted and spiritualized as to seem mystical to his far reaching vision. It was an excellent thing in the rests between cotillions, and pauses between games at cards; and answered a most convenient purpose, in as much as it furnished those who had none of their own, with wit enough for sixpence, to talk out the sitting of an evening party. In the end, it took fast hold of people, through their vanity; for frequent use had

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made them so familiar with it as to look upon it as their own; and having retailed its good things so long, they began to run of the notion that they were all of their own making.

It was fortunate, too, that the work made its first appearance in New York—'where the people—heaven help them—are the most irregular, crazy-headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whim-whamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together'. Had it first shown its face in any other part of the country, how soon would it have been looked out of countenance, and talked down by your 'honest, fair, worthy, square, good-looking, well meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clock-work, clear headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright, kind of people!' . . .

Though many of the characters and circumstances in Salmagundi are necessarily without such associations, yet the Cocklofts are not only the most witty and eccentric, but the most thoroughly sentimental folks in the world, like some of the characters in the Spectator and like Trim, and that best of men, my Uncle Toby. And here we would notice a resemblance to our author to Sterne. With a very few exceptions, his sentiment is in a purer taste, and better sustained, where it is mixed with witty and ludicrous characters and circumstances, than where it stands by itself. He not only shows a contemplative, sentimental mind, but what is more rare, a power of mingling with his wit, the wild, mysterious and visionary. Glimpses of this appear in his Rip Van Winkle, and the same fine combination is seen in the "Two Painters" and "the Paint King" of Mr. Allston. It is a very uncommon union of qualities, and one which no man, who has it in him, should neglect.

Mr. Irving's style in his lighter productions, is suited to his subject. He has not thought it necessary to write the history of the family of the Giblets as he would be that of the Gracchi, nor to descant upon Mustapha's Breeches in all the formality of a lecture. He is full, idiomatic and easy to an uncommon degree; and though we have observed a few grammatical errors, they are of a kind which appear to arise from the hurry in which such works are commonly written. There are, likewise, one or two Americanisms. Upon the whole, it is superior to any instance of the easy style in this country, that we can call to mind.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

From The North American Review *of July, 1818*

Were it not for the extremely unpleasant nature of the discussion to which the first of these pamphlets has given rise, we should not regret the occasion of recurring to that distinguished and ever memo-

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rable opening of the revolutionary contest. No national drama was ever developed, in a more interesting and splendid first scene. The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought, on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event, than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown, (fired as is generally supposed, by a shell), began to ascend. The spectators, far out-numbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituted a very important part of it.

The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquit themselves, was to be judged of, not as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

In other battles the *recollection* of wives and children, has been used as an excitement to animate the warriors breast and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them, and other dear connexions, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest, than has been mentioned,—a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the events likely to hand on the business of that day. They saw in it not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war, of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America and all England were like to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals themselves, who knew full well what agency they had had, in bringing

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affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage;—not that disregard of personal safety, in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction, that, before they arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy, as well as to defeat.

Spirits, that fear nothing else, fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least till resistance becomes so general and formidable, as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, described themselves as signing it, 'as with halters about their necks.' If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard, when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought? Otis, to whose merits it is high time that some competent pen should do full and ample justice, had ceased to be active in public concerns; but others, who had partaken of the public councils with him,—and among them, he, who acted a conspicuous part in the business of those times, and who yet lives, to assert, with a vigour unimpaired by years, the claims of the patriots of this Commonwealth to a full participation and an efficient agency, not only in the *very earliest* scenes of the Revolution, but in the events which preceded it, and in which it may be said, more than in any other particular occurrences, to have had its origin,—were earnestly watching the immediate issue of the contest, but were seeing also, at the same time, its more remote consequences, and the vastness and importance of the scene which was then opening.

These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while to the outward senses the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer's sun, from the burnished armour of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

LAST MOMENTS OF EMINENT MEN

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

From The North American Review *of January, 1834*

It is a common remark that the ruling passion displays itself in the last hour. The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness, just as it expires. 'The fit gives vigor, as it destroys.' He, who has

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but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives for dissimulation; and time, that lays his hand on every thing else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

> . . . . sticks to our last sand.
> Consistent in our follies and our sins,
> Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battle-field. The meritorious author of the Memoir of Cabot, a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to the discoverer of our continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, and once more steering in quest of adventure over the waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears, as it read the fabled fate of Fergus MacIvor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance, was the Marquis of Montrose. He had fought for the Stuarts, and he fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. He was condemned to die; his head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and in other public towns of the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. 'I wish,' he exclaimed, 'I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer.'

But let us take an example of sublimer virtue. Let us look for a man, who lived without a stain from youth to age, and displayed an unwavering consistency to the last; a man who was in some degree our own. The age of unlimited monarchy has passed; and the period of popular sovereignty has begun to dawn. It is one of the worst features of the tory party, which was so long in the ascendant, that self-defence required it to pursue, with relentless censure, the men who fell as victims to its licentious ambition. Wat Tyler struck down an officer, who attempted an insult on the chastity of his daughter. There is not a father in New England, who would not have applauded the blow. And when he was invited to a peaceful conference with the king, he was basely assassinated in the royal presence. Yet an English poet was obliged to retract the defence of the reputation of Wat Tyler. A very similar incident in Swiss history has been embalmed in the verse of one of the finest poets, who have ever awakened a nation's sympathies by the power of genius. It becomes America to rescue from undeserved censure the names and the memory of the men, who have fallen victims to their unconquerable love of republican liberty.

The public of Boston and its vicinity have been recently instructed in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold, by an inquirer, who

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has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country, not less for candor and judgment, than for diligence and ability. The victim of the treason was André. He protested against the manner of his death; and not against dying. He dreaded the gallows,—not the loss of life. The sentiment in his breast was one of honest pride. His mind repelled the service of treachery; and holding a stain upon his honor to be worse than a sentence of death, his feelings were those of poignant bitterness, in the fear lest the manner of his execution should be taken as evidence, that the hangman closed for him a career of ignominy. He felt the sense of honor, the rising emotions of pride, the same sentiment which filled the breast of Lawrence, of Nelson, and of Wolfe; a keen sense, which to the latter rendered death easy and triumphant, because it was attended by victory; but, in the case of André, added new bitterness to the cup of affliction, by menacing opprobrium as a necessary consequence of a disgraceful execution.

The curate of St. Sulpice asked the confessor, who had shrived Montesquieu on his death bed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. 'Yes,' replied father Roust, 'like a man of genius.' The curate was dissatisfied; he was unwilling to leave to the dying man a moment of tranquility; and he addressed him, 'Sir are you truly conscious of the greatness of God?' 'Yes,' said the departing philosopher, 'and of the littleness of man.'

MECHANISM OF VITAL ACTIONS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1857*

WE recognize two, and only two, great divisions in created things. To the first class of his creatures the Deity sustains only active relations. All their qualities, functions, adjustments, harmonies, are immediate expressions of his wisdom and power. Every specific form is a manifestation of the Supreme thought. Every elemental movement is the Sovereign's self in action. The only question is whether he has at one time been present in our elements with an organizing force, and afterwards withdrawn this particular manifestation, or whether under the same conditions these elements would always manifest his ideas in the production of the same forms, just as they now maintain the present forms of life by a perpetual miracle, which we fail to recognize as such only because it is familiar to our daily experience. We have stated, as well as our space permitted, the argument for the presence of an organizing force in the elements around us.

To the second class of his creatures the Creator stands in passive as well as active relations. They are no longer simple instruments to do his bidding. They may disobey him, and violate the harmonies

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of the universe. They have the great prerogative of self-determination, which, with knowledge of the moral relations of their acts, constitutes them responsible beings. . . .

In conclusion, we recognize our spiritual natures as having only incidental and temporary relations with the material substance and general forces of the universe. But we may concede that, the farther our examination extends, the more completely the organic or simply vital forces appear to resolve themselves into manifestations of those closely related or mutually convertible principles which give activity to the unconscious portion of the universal. We have no experimental evidence that these physical agencies can form any living germ by their action upon matter; nor can we prove the contrary. The only directly observed conditions of the evolution of a living structure involve the presence of a germ derived from a being of similar character. But observation of the earth's strata shows that new forms of life have appeared at numerous successive periods by some other creative mechanism. We can frame hypotheses not inconsistent with the ordinary laws of matter to account for such formations, but they can be regarded only as more or less ingenious speculations. We are obliged to recognize a special intervention of creative power in the introduction of spiritual existence in the midst of the pre-existing unconscious creation. If we allow that higher modes of action have once been superinduced upon the ordinary physical forces, we cannot deny the possibility, and even probability, of repeated changes in the working machinery of creation, coinciding with the evolution of each new type of organization. And if new formulæ of force in combination with matter preceded the creation of each organism, or group of organisms, we can understand that a special *vital* formula may be involved in the continuance of their existence. Thus accepting the fact of a change of law as a possible part of the constitution of the universe, we arrive, independently of Revelation, at the doctrine of Miracles, as this term is commonly understood. But in the view we have taken, whatever part may be assigned to the physical forces in the production and phenomena of life, all being is not the less one perpetual miracle, in which the Infinite Creator, acting through what we often call secondary causes, is himself the moving principle of the universe he first framed and never ceases to sustain.

QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1868*

WE prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise. Our debt to tradition through reading and conversation is so massive, our protest or private addition so rare and insignificant,—and that commonly on the ground of other reading or hearing,—that,

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in a large sense, one would say there is no pure originality. All minds quote. . . .

The borrowing is often honest enough, and comes of magnanimity and stoutness. A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good. What he quotes he fills with his own voice and humor, and the whole cyclopædia of his table-talk is presently believed to be his own. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Webster at the bar or in the Senate filled the eyes and minds of young men, you might often hear cited as Mr. Webster's three rules: first, never to do to-day what he could defer till to-morrow; secondly, never to do himself what he could make another do for him; and, thirdly, never to pay any debt to-day. Well, they are none the worse for being already told, in the last generation, of Sheridan; and we find in Grimm's "*Mémoires*" that Sheridan got them from the witty D'Argenson; who, no doubt, if we could consult him, could tell of whom he first heard them. . . .

But there remains the indefeasible persistency of the individual to be himself. Every mind is different; and the more it is unfolded, the more pronounced is that difference. He must draw the elements into him for food, and, if they be granite and silex, will prefer them cooked by sun and rain, by time and art, to his hand. But, however received, these elements pass into the substance of his constitution, will be assimilated, and tend always to form, not a partisan, but a possessor of truth. To all that can be said of the preponderance of the Past, the single word Genius is a sufficient reply. The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes, but is, and creates. The profound apprehension of the Present is Genius, which makes the Past forgotten. And what is Originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are. Genius is, in the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought. It implies Will, or original force, for their right distribution and expression. If to this the sentiment of piety be added, if the thinker feel that the thought most strictly his own is not his own, and recognizes the perpetual suggestion of the Supreme Intellect, the oldest thoughts become new and fertile whilst he speaks them.

BRITISH NEUTRALITY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

BY THEODORE D. WOOLSEY

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of October, 1870.*

LET us consider for a moment what can now be done by neutrals when a war breaks out between their friends. We have so generally occupied a neutral position since our existence as a nation began, and

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our trade, when the rest of the world was at war, consisted so generally in innocent articles,—like provisions and naval stores,—that we were unprepared, at the breaking out of the war, to regard as lawful the kinds of trade which the law of nations does not forbid. Nay, more, we complained of England for doing that which we ourselves did, and which our courts did not condemn during the wars of the South American provinces. The law of nations, as interpreted by our courts, requires no neutral to interfere for the prevention of a trade in contraband carried on by its citizens or subjects, or to take active measures against ships purposing to run a blockade instituted by a friendly state. It is held, in a technical and formal way, that a contraband trade begins when the articles so called are afloat on the high sea; and there is a general agreement that the neutral is not to be put to the cost and trouble of keeping his subjects from such a traffic. The police of the seas belongs to the belligerents, and the violation of neutrality in carrying contraband, and in breaking blockade, is for him, and for none else, to notice. How often were Judge Story's words quoted, especially by British writers a few years back, that "there is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation." [1] It is unnecessary to say that the risk of confiscation has never been so great, and probably never will be so great, that the gains of contraband trade do not cover the losses. Neutrals thus supply the food upon which war lives, and supply it alike to either belligerent that can pay for it, so that until exhaustion comes upon one of the combatants, the harvest of the neutral trader goes on. Is this state of things the best for the interests of humanity and the general welfare? Is it not better for neutrals, on the whole, that wars should be short and few? And if so, may it not be said to be the duty of the nations to agree that contraband trade shall be prohibited at the commencement of a voyage? This can be done, as it seems to us, without great difficulty, by placing vessels carrying such articles under heavy bonds that they shall not be conveyed to the ports of a friendly nation engaged in war. We would put blockade-runners, as far as possible, under the same penalties, and would wish to have Dr. Phillimore's suggestion adopted, that all exportation of munitions of war by merchant ships of the belligerents should be strictly prohibited. We should be glad also to have violators of neutrality considered as prisoners of war, and treated as such. That the world can be brought to all this with ease we are not credulous enough to believe; but we believe that if two leading nations were to make a treaty containing such stipulations, the probability of their keeping peace with one another, and with the rest of the world, would be decidedly increased.

[1] Case of the Santissima Trinidad, 7 Wheaton, 340.

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